# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



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1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1874.

Vol. LIII. R. J. C. WALKER, Proprietor, } No. 727 Walnut St. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874. TERMS } $3.00 per Annum in Advance. Single Copies Six Cents. No. 46.


## JUNE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

Come and watch the morning break
Across the misty river!
Ev'ry sedgy leaf awake,
And ev'ry wave a-quiver!

Underneath the bending sky
A thousand tuneful voices!
Ev'ry pulse is beating high,
And ev'ry thing rejoices!

Garden herbs their perfume shed,
The artichokes flaunt yellow;
Poppy leaves blush rosy red,
And harvest pears grow mellow.

What a din within the pines
The noisy crows are keeping!
Nods the grain in wavy lines,
Soon ripe enough for reaping!

By the cherry trees is heard
A red and ceaseless dripping;
In the vines the humming bird
Keeps up his tireless sipping.

Brightly falls the morning light,
Softly falls the dew of even,
Silently the balmy night
Shuts the gates of Heaven!

# THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—

## The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE;" "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;" "BAFFLED;" "THE WHITE SPECTRE;" "THE WRONGED HEIRESS;" ETC., ETC., ETC.

"CAPTAIN MARTHE!" SHE CRIED, RISING UP WITH A SHRIEK OF TERROR. "LOST! LOST!"

### CHAPTER I.

IN THE MILL.

Click-clack, click-clack, rattled the noisy looms, from one end of the great mill to the other, chanting their old but never-varying song of toil.

A little stir in the vestibule; the murmur of gay voices, and the sound of low laughter; then a waft of perfume stole in, and all at once Bernice Vance, from her stand at the opposite window, drew back behind her loom, quivering and palpitating.

"Some visitors from the city," she thought, with quickening pulses.

Ah, how pleasant to her ears sounded the low, refined speech; the softly-modulated tones, and the rustle of silken draperies, audible even in that noisy place. It was like hearing "Sweet Home" in a foreign land.

But she did not look up. If she had she would have seen Mr. Lasalle, the wealthy mill-owner, and a train of aristocratic friends, whom he was piloting over his little kingdom.

Foremost among them came Jasper Layton, tall, strong, nonchalant, a trifle haughty, so handsome and winning, when he cared to be, that women compared him to a Greek god, and raved over his perfect face and high-bred manners, as they would have done over a beautiful picture or statue.

Dora Raymond walked beside him, bright as a dream of heaven in her charming toilet of sweeping silk and lace, above which shone her face, with its flushing black eyes and brilliant cheeks.

Then followed half a dozen others, all friends of Mr. Lasalle's, who had consented to join the little party.

Just within the great, noisy room, they paused suddenly, as people will when half a dozen good routes lie before them, and they know not which to choose.

Suddenly Jasper Layton grasped the mill-owner's arm.

"Who is that girl?" he asked; "the one by the window yonder?"

Mr. Lasalle's eyes followed the direction of his young friend's. A sudden glint came into them, scarcely pleasant to see.

"Miss Bernice Vance," he answered shortly.

"Who, pray, is Miss Bernice Vance?" persisted Jasper, not to be put down so easily.

"I don't know!" with a shrug and a sneer. "One of my mill-hands. Does she interest you?"

"Decidedly." Jasper might have said that she looked sadly out of her proper sphere in that dingy place, but wisely kept the thought to himself.

"How long has she been with you?" he resumed, after a slight pause.

"Only a few weeks. She was quite new to factory life, when she came. It is my opinion she was never much accustomed to work of any sort. But she has wonderful aptitude. She will soon be one of my best operatives."

Jasper stood gnawing his handsome lip, and glancing down the long room to the spot where Bernice stood at her loom, half vexed with himself for the sudden interest he felt in this strange girl.

He was not much given to the study of physiognomy. Pretty faces he held in abhorrence. Even beauty palls, when we are surfeited with it, and Jasper Layton had seen all the charming women on both sides of the sea. Pink and white prettiness rather bored him than otherwise.

But there was something fresh and piquante about this simple mill-girl. She had great, appealing brown eyes; a complexion fresh and clear as any infant's; and a red, ripe, strawberry-colored mouth, just now dimpled into the daintiest curves imaginable.

Even the anxious, half-frightened expression of her face was not lost upon the young man.

"Poor thing," he said to himself; "I'm afraid she finds this sort of life hard and uncongenial. I wish I knew her well enough to offer assistance to something better."

Then, ashamed of his own growing interest, he was swinging on his heel to follow Mr. Lasalle down one of the long aisles between the rows of clashing looms, when a little hand stole suddenly into his.

It was Dora Raymond's. She glanced up at him, a faint, beautiful color wavering in her cheeks.

"Of whom were you and Mr. Lasalle speaking?" she said.

She had been busy smoothing out her multitudinous flounces, and had only caught a word now and then.

He started slightly and made reply:

"Of the young lady by the window yonder."

"Oh!" Dora glanced quickly in the direction indicated. She saw Bernice for the first time. As fate would have it, the girl looked up at the same instant, and the eyes of the two met.

Jasper saw Bernice start, grow pale as death, and clutch wildly at some object as if to save herself from falling.

Dora's own face grew ghastly. Some sharp sentence seemed to tremble on her lips; but she restrained herself, giving a startled little gasp or two.

Then she called the color back to her cheeks again. "What a lovely girl!" she cried, with a forced laugh. "I don't wonder you were interested in her, Mr. Layton."

She stepped a little to one side while speaking, idly playing with her fan, and all unconscious that she had drawn up close to one of the swiftly-revolving wheels, round which the broad, shining leather belts circled so rapidly; or that a little current of air, sweeping through the great room, was toying with her flounces, and fluttering them nearer and nearer to the spinning horror.

Bernice was first to see the beautiful woman's danger. With a shrill scream of warning she sprang forward. Too late. The circling belt had already caught the strong fabric, woven it in and about itself, and Dora was suddenly lifted up to be dashed in pieces upon the iron frame-work above.

It was Bernice's woman's arm that arrested her. Catching up a knife from her own loom, she was by Dora's side ere Jasper Layton had been made aware of his companion's danger, and had severed the belt with one swift, resolute blow.

It was into Jasper's arms that the half-unconscious girl fell, uninjured. He carried her to the nearest window, into the fresh air, where she lay many minutes against his shoulder, white and panting.

At last she was able to sit up, unassisted. Then he called one of the mill-girls to him, for Mr. Lasalle, with the rest of the party, had long since passed out of sight.

"It was a narrow escape, Miss Raymond," he said, his voice a trifle less steady than its wont. "You have much for which to be grateful."

Dora looked up at him, shivering from head to foot.

"And she—that girl—saved me?"

"Yes," he made answer, wondering what had called that lurid sparkle into her eyes.

Then he sought Bernice Vance. He found her leaning against the now noiseless loom, white and still.

"You are faint! You are ill!" he cried, the instant he caught sight of her face.

She slowly shook her head.

"You look like a ghost. Let me send for restoratives; you surely need them."

His earnestness caused her to regard him more fixedly than she had done before. Those were honest eyes that met hers. It was a face to be trusted.

"Thank you," she said, "I shall be better soon; do not trouble yourself."

He paused before her and took one of her tiny hands in his, regarding it in perplexed admiration.

"How strange," he said, "that anything so small should be so strong and effective."

Then a sudden exclamation burst from his lips.

"You are hurt—wounded!" he cried.

She forced a faint smile to her lips.

"It is nothing. The belt was intensely hot; my fingers slid against it."

She unclosed her hand to show a wide, red line, where the skin was already raising in blisters.

The sight moved him strangely. For one instant he leaned over her, so close that his breath scorched her cheek. The temptation seemed strong upon him to take her in his arms and heal those wounds with kisses.

But he resisted it. Why should he be so touched to the heart by the misfortunes of this poor mill-girl? What was she to him that he should offer more than common sympathy?

"You are a heroine," he said, in a low voice, and his glance was eloquent. "God bless you!"

A faint color wavered to her cheeks.—"Do not mind me," she said, almost petulantly. "Go back to your friend again. She is looking this way."

"No matter."

"She may need your help. I do not. Are you sure she was not injured?"

This question was put in a tone whose eagerness was not disguised.

"Quite sure," Jasper said, coldly. "She was only frightened."

He turned away, however. But not to seek Miss Raymond. He was scarcely in the mood, at that moment, to listen to Dora's prattlings. He might have said something harsh to her.

The bookkeeper's desk was near. On it lay the morning paper. He took it up, solely to cover the perturbation he felt, and glanced over it.

A few minutes went by. He knew Dora had been watching him very intently. Suddenly she got up, and crossed the floor, pausing face to face with Bernice Vance.

Both girls were very pale. Half a dozen words passed between them, but in so low a tone as to be inaudible. Then Dora came slowly back again.

Jasper saw Bernice's lip curl. What did it all mean? Where had these girls known each other,—and why should they seek to conceal an acquaintance that certainly existed? for Jasper knew they had not met that morning for the first time.

Dora went back to her old stand by the window. Jasper did not wish her to know he suspected anything wrong; so he turned to his paper again.

As he did so his gaze was suddenly arrested by the following advertisement among the personals:

"WANTED—Information of a young lady who left her home in Yorkville on the twentieth of March. She is pretty, of the middle height, brown eyes, chestnut hair, and has a small scar on the back of her left hand. Any person giving information of her whereabouts will be handsomely rewarded. Address G. R., Post-office, Yorkville."

Jasper started as if he had been struck. The advertisement was a curious one, to say the least. It gave no names, and but a meagre description of the lady in question.

But this was not what most surprised him. He had made a discovery. The advertisement, so far as it went, exactly described Bernice Vance, the mill-girl!

And the scar? That was not wanting to make the identity complete. He had noticed it on first taking her hand into his own—a tiny white crescent near the thumb.

He caught his breath sharply. After a moment's hesitation his resolve was taken. He went straight up to the loom where Bernice was standing.

"Read that," he said, and thrust the paper before her eyes, one trembling finger marking the place.

She did read it, growing red and pale by turns, a hard, defiant expression finally settling upon her face.

"Well?" she said, coldly, at last.

"You are the lady."

"What is that to you?" she cried, with a stamp, and gleaming eyes.

"Nothing."

She turned round at that, confronting him fiercely. Something in his tone had seemed to exasperate her past endurance.

"I see," she said, bitterly. "You intend to claim the reward that is offered. Do so. I am a helpless girl. I cannot prevent it."

### CHAPTER II.

LOVE AND MYSTERY.

Jasper Layton felt his face flush hotly. He was not accustomed to being addressed in that manner. A fierce reply rose to his lips, but, seeing all the pain and anxiety in the girl's face, he restrained it.

"I see that you misunderstand me, Miss Vance," he said, gravely. "I will wait until you are more composed. Then, I shall have something to say to you."

She hesitated, stared at him a minute, then burst into a sudden flood of tears.

"Forgive me," she sobbed. "I am very wretched. I scarcely know what I say or do."

"Hush," he said, gently taking her hand. "You are watched. Try to compose yourself."

She dashed the glittering drops from her eyes, smiling bravely through her tears.

"I believe you are my friend, sir. At any rate, I am going to trust you."

Her naive innocence brought a smile to the man's lips.

"I never yet betrayed a friend."

"Your penetration was not at fault—I *am* the person mentioned in that advertisement."

"Then you must be in trouble. I know you would never have left your friends without a good cause."

"No, no," a quick shudder running all over her.

"Can I help you?"

"Nobody can help me," she answered, sadly.

Her tone did not invite further questioning. Jasper dropped his head thoughtfully a moment. What could he do to befriend this lonely girl? How lift her feet into pleasanter paths and pastures new?

He heard Dora's voice calling to him, suddenly. He looked up with a quick start.

"I must go," he said, hurriedly. "But I shall see you again. Promise me that you will try, in the meantime, to regard me as a friend."

"I promise," Bernice made answer, very faintly.

With that, Jasper went away content. Dora's pretty brunette face looked clouded over, when he reached her side. There was an expression in her eyes that boded ill to somebody.

"Will you go back with me?" she said, heaving a long-drawn sigh. "I feel tired, frightened. I do not wish to see the mill."

"No wonder."

He offered his arm, and she took it and leaned upon it with such an air of trust and restfulness as went straight to his heart. She seemed like a tired child who had come to him for protection and sympathy.

"My poor little friend," he cried, with a sudden burst of tenderness. "The scene through which you have passed has been too much for you, I fear."

Just then there was a little stir at the lower end of the long room, the murmur of gay voices, and Mr. Lasalle came up with the little party.

He shot a swift glance from Jasper to Dora, and finally looked round to the spot where Bernice was standing, white and still as some marble image. As if by instinct, he knew that something unusual had occurred.

"We missed you," he said. "Why did you not come with us?"

"There has been an accident," Jasper answered, briefly.

"An accident?" His keen eye swept round the room, and finally rested on the silent loom. "Ah!" he cried. "I hope no one was hurt?"

"No one. Miss Raymond was frightened. Nothing more happened."

"Thanks to your ready arm, I suppose?"

"I had nothing to do with it. It is Miss Vance who deserves your praises."

The mill-owner bit his lip, and an expression of annoyance showed itself in his face.

"That is strange," he said. "Tell me all about it."

"Yes," cried half a dozen voices in a chorus, "tell us all the particulars."

Jasper shrugged his shoulders.

"Pardon me," he said. "Miss Raymond is tired, and almost ill. We must not detain her here."

He led the way toward the vestibule, and the others followed, full of surprise and wondering ejaculations.

Outside, the day was full of sunshine, and the rich, wine-like air of June. A blue sky bent in smiling beauty above, against which the murky smoke belching from the great chimneys rose like a pyramid of gloom.

Dora dropped Jasper's arm of a sudden. "I must go back," she said. "I have left my gloves."

"Let me get them for you."

"Thank you. I will be gone but a moment. I can find them more readily than you."

She was off before he could utter another word of remonstrance. She ran up the steps quite rapidly, as if afraid he would follow.

For the mill-hands she scarcely seemed to care. Sweeping into the vast room with her shining silk and laces, she seemed bright enough to be a creature of a different mould from the poor, tired girls bending over their noisy looms.

Glancing neither to the right nor left, for what were these wretched, toil-worn creatures to her?—she walked straight up to Bernice Vance.

"I wanted one word with you before I went away," she said, her face hard and stern, the beauty all gone out of it for a few brief moments.

Bernice turned, looking at her coldly.

"I am listening," was all she said.

"Fool!" hissed Dora, quite beside herself. "I can't understand why you should have crossed my path here, of all places."

"It was through no wish of mine—rest assured of that."

"Humph! You have been hunted for, high and low. Shall I send word to Yorkville where you may be found?"

Bernice disdained to answer.

"I'm tempted to do it," Dora went on, her jewelled hands quivering and shaking. "It will depend on yourself whether I yield to the impulse or not."

"On me?"

"Yes. Behave prudently, and you have nothing to fear from me. It was quite a shock to see you here. But I put on a bold face. You were wise—very wise—not to betray your knowledge of me."

Then she paused a moment, her burning eyes sweeping over the girl's face in a curious, baleful way, anything but pleasant.

"I wish you well," she resumed, in a conciliating tone. "I have always wished you well. It is no part of my purpose to join in the persecution to which you have been subjected. But I have a single word of advice for your ear before I leave you."

"What is it?"

"If you have your own best interest at heart, take care that you do not cultivate Jasper Layton's acquaintance. You will know readily whom I mean—the gentleman who accompanied me here to-day."

The words themselves were a threat, and the tone only emphasized them. Dora did not add another syllable—it was not necessary. With a slight toss of her pretty head she went her way, and all things went on at the mill just the same as they had done before.

And yet not quite the same, for Bernice toiled on at the loom in an odd, mechanical way, like one whose senses were steeped in a delicious dream. She had heard a voice and seen a face she could never forget, were she to live a thousand years.

Some hours wore on. At last a heavy step came towards her, rousing her from the sweet reverie into which she had fallen.

It was Mr. Lasalle who approached. He stood near, watching her in silence for some moments. At last he spoke.

"They are making quite a heroine of you up at the house, Miss Vance."

"Are they?" she said, quietly. "I am sure there is no need."

He came nearer and leaned over her, his grim, unhandsome face flushing.

"You are a brave little woman. Mr. Layton told us all about it. Why didn't you leave Miss Raymond to her fate? In your case, the majority of your sex would have done so."

"Then I am different from the rest of my sex," she returned, haughtily.

"You are—as unlike them as heaven is unlike this dreary earth."

Something in his tone startled her. She looked up to find his burning glance bent upon her in a way that could not be misunderstood.

"I am tired," she said, wearily. "Please go away, Mr. Lasalle."

"Go away?" he echoed, suddenly catching both her hands and holding them against his heart. "O, Bernice, if you loved me half as madly as I love you, you would never ask me to leave your side."

"Hush!" she cried; and her face was ghastly. "You are mad. You forget where you are."

She shrunk from him in real terror. His sudden impetuosity had frightened her.

"I care not," he said, recklessly. "I am willing to proclaim my love to all the world."

Then he paused a moment, and his hungry eyes swept over her face once more. He must have read there the terror and detestation she could not wholly conceal.

"Out of all the world I choose you for my wife," he went on, in a low, deep voice. "I have riches that can not be counted. I will load you with jewels and laces. No wish of your heart shall go ungratified; only consent to be my wife, and I will fall down and worship you. You must consent! You *shall* consent!"

His voice trembled and broke at the last, with all the pathos of a real passion. Bernice put out her hand weakly. She was growing hysterical with all the excitement through which she had passed that day.

"Hush!" she said again. "Be merciful; do not distress me with such words. I can never, never love you."

"Never, Bernice?"

"That is what I said," and there was a strange sob in her voice. "Please go away, Mr. Lasalle. Let us both try to forget this scene ever occurred."

He stared at her a moment, in a dazed way, as if he failed to comprehend her meaning. Great beads of perspiration came out on his forehead; his face grew rigid.

"You will not be my wife?" he said.

"I can not."

"Because you love another?"

"Because I do not love you."

His hands closed over hers with crushing force. For some awful seconds he stood glaring down into her dilated eyes.

"I love you so! I love you so!" he murmured, just above his breath.

A wave of rich color swept over her face. For the first time she experienced an emotion of pity.

"I am very sorry," she faltered; "I never dreamed of this."

He saw his advantage and pursued it.

"I am sure you could learn to love me, Bernice. No husband was ever tenderer or more devoted than I would prove."

"It is useless to argue the question now," she said, in such distress of mind as touched even this man's heart. "I implore you to leave me. Go, go, if you do not wish I should hate you quite."

She looked so pale and ill that he could not refuse compliance with her entreaties. Slowly and reluctantly he turned away.

"I will give you time to consider this matter," he said, speaking with unusual kindness. "I have been too precipitate. Forgive me. I might have known you would only be shocked and frightened by such impetuosity. To-morrow you will think better of my offer."

She shook her head.

"Do not build up any false hopes. Not to-morrow nor any day thereafter shall I consider it best to marry you."

She would have said more, but he raised his hand to stop her.

"Assertions are idle and useless. Besides, you are a sensible girl, Bernice. You can not be blind to the advantages that would be yours as my wife; and more than that, such love as mine is sure to bring its just reward, sooner or later."

With those words, and a self-satisfied smile upon his lips, he went his way.

Like many other sordid natures, he had perfect confidence in the gilded bubble—riches, as a magnet. He could not conceive of a nature strong and true enough to rise superior to its attractive powers.

The day waned slowly, and at last the drowsy crimson that heralds night overspread the sky with its flaming banners. The factory-bell rung out its vesper chimes; the whir of machinery died away, and a solemn hush, in perfect keeping with the balmy evening, stole over all the busy scene.

Bernice hurried out into the cool air with all the other operatives. Her heart was very full as she walked quickly down the street to the little brown cottage where she lodged.

She had come to this out-of-the-way village to find rest and peace. Had she succeeded? Were all her cherished plans to be defeated by sheer mischance?

She paused a moment on the little porch to glance behind her at the long, straggling street; the beetling walls of the mill with its stack of chimneys, and further on the purple hills, above which arched the flaming sky.

A lad stepped up quickly from the shadow of a neighboring building. Lifting his ragged hat, and thus revealing a grimy but keen-eyed face, he said:

"A letter for you, Miss."

"For me?" echoed Bernice, surprised. "There must be some mistake, I never get letters."

The lad stood his ground, nothing daunted by the sharp glance she gave him, and held up a white packet between his dirty thumb and fingers.

"It's yours," he persisted. "Better take it. I want the money for fetchin' it."

Sure enough, it was addressed to "Miss Bernice Vance." Who had been writing to her in that odd way? Mr. Lavalle? scarcely.

She turned to question the boy, but could not find him. He had vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

Sitting down on the porch steps, she broke the seal of the letter. It was written in a stiff, crabbed hand, and contained these words:

"DEAR MISS BERNICE:—Please forgive me for following you here, and finding you out. I could not rest until I had learned what had become of you; my heart reproached me for not having stood by you from the first. I'm going to stand by you now.

"I have something of importance to tell you—something that will put a powerful weapon into your hands. It will enable you to go back to the home from which you have fled, and defy them all.

"Come to Millbrook Crossing to-night at ten; I will be there, and we can talk without fear of interruption. You shall learn a secret of the first importance. I dare not show myself by day, for Dora Raymond is in Millbrook, and she must not know I am here, or all is lost. You must come to me or my lips are forever sealed.

"I am your friend, whether you believe it or not, and shall always remain your friend. "PATTY GLINT."

Bernice turned from the perusal of this strange epistle with a wildly beating heart. "I wonder if it is true!" she cried, pressing both hands to her throbbing temples. "Is Patty Glint in Millbrook? Has she really an important secret to communicate?"

It seemed strange—impossible. She could not understand it. She had fled from Clarkville, leaving no clue behind her. How, then, had this old woman who signed herself "Patty Glint"—a woman Bernice had not known intimately—how had she been enabled to trace her to Millbrook?

"I can not understand it," she thought; "but I shall go to Millbrook Crossing to-night. Patty Glint cannot intend any harm, and she may prove to be, as she says, my friend."

## CHAPTER III.

THE DOVE IN THE FOWLER'S NET.

Having once decided to keep the appointment, Bernice waited with feverish impatience for the specified time to come round.

It still lacked nearly twenty minutes of ten o'clock, when she softly left the house, and stole down the darkest side of the street in the direction of Millbrook Crossing, which was fully half a mile distant.

She reached it soon after the night express came thundering past. This was a little station to the right, with odd-looking red and green signal-lights, where two or three people were stalking up and down the gloomy platform.

Bernice approached the place in a state of nervous trepidation. She pushed open the door of the waiting-room and looked in, but it was unoccupied.

A sudden fear beset her. She was turning away, vaguely wondering where Patty Glint could be, when a hand was dropped heavily upon her arm.

"Are you Miss Vance?" said a voice.

It was a gruff voice, but not an unpleasant one. Bernice swung quickly round. A tall, gaunt-looking person, dressed in a dark stuff gown and long cloak stood beside her.

She could not see this person's face. Whether by accident or design the woman had so stationed herself that the light of the station-lamps streamed only upon her back.

But Bernice saw, at a glance, it was not the person she had come to meet. She drew back with a feeling of alarm and repulsion for which she could scarcely account.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"A friend, Miss," was the reply, "if you are the person I take you to be."

"I am Bernice Vance."

There was a low, chuckling laugh, and then the woman said:

"I suppose you came here to meet Patty Glint?"

"Yes; where is she?"

"Waiting for us only a few steps down the road, to the right of the station."

"Must I go there?"

"If you wish to see her."

Bernice recoiled involuntarily. She turned her searching eyes full upon the stranger, but could only distinguish the faint outline of a face.

"Why did she not come to the station?"

"She did not think it best, I suppose. Miss Raymond may have spies around to watch your movements. There are others, too, who are interested in anything you may do. You ought to know she is not the woman to run any risk."

Bernice drew a long breath of relief.—"Patty is too cautious," she said. "I'm sure she has nothing to fear."

"Perhaps not. Are you going with me?"

The tone was a trifle impatient. Bernice at once drew her wraps more closely about her, and gave her hand to her companion.

She could not help thinking that the palm resting against her own seemed singularly large and coarse. But she tried to dismiss her fears. The woman seemed too well posted in her history to be an imposter.

Leaving the station behind them, they struck into a dark and lonely road. Along this they proceeded for some distance in utter silence. At last Bernice came to a sudden halt.

"Have we much further to go?" she asked, uneasily, for her old fears were coming back, augmented by the darkness and silence.

"Only a few yards, Miss."

The hand on her arm had increased its pressure. She could scarcely refrain from screaming with pain. The voice, too, sounded gruffer and harsher. It was more like a man's voice than a woman's.

She gave a quick bound, thinking to free herself from the vice-like grip in which she was held. In vain. Those iron fingers never once relaxed their pressure. It was useless to struggle.

"Let me go," she cried. "You are deceiving me! I will not go on with you!"

A low, sneering laugh was the only answer vouchsafed by her companion. Then the awful conviction that she had been betrayed broke upon her mind with stunning force. It was no longer doubt, but certainty.

"Help!" she screamed, beginning to struggle fiercely.

"Stop that!" hissed her companion close to her ear. "Don't be a fool. It will do you no good."

Now the voice was full and deep, unmistakably a man's. Another shrill scream broke from Bernice's lips.

Swearing frightfully, the man pressed his disengaged hand over her mouth, holding it there with all his strength.

Bernice gave herself up for lost. An awful sickening terror beset her. Her arms dropped limp and listless to her side. She had fainted.

"Good," muttered the man, guessing what had happened from her silence, and the way in which she leaned against him. "That's what I call sensible of her. Now I shall have no further trouble."

Hastily tearing off the cloak and long skirt, which, now that they had served their purpose, only impeded his progress, he swung the senseless girl over his shoulder, and strode rapidly down the road.

"She was a green one—she was—to be taken in so easily," he chuckled. "It was an easier job than I had counted on.—Wouldn't mind earning another fifty in the same manner. This Captain Marthe is devilish good pay,—or is it that dainty brunette they call Miss Raymond I have to thank for the shine? Humph! As if it mattered who forks over! I've got the tin snug and safe."

He jingled his pocket merrily as he spoke, and strode on faster than ever.

Something dark loomed up before him presently. It was a carriage drawn up by the roadside.

"All right?" said a voice.

"All right," he made answer.

"You've got the girl?"

"Yes. She's fainted. Bear a hand, will you? We must get her into the carriage and as far on the way as possible before she recovers."

A dark figure leaped down from the driver's box. The carriage door swung open. Bernice was lifted in, and the vehicle rolled rapidly away.

The drive was not a long one. The horses were reined up before a dark, forbidding-looking building where the monotonous splash of water could be heard close at hand.

They were expected, for the house-door instantly swung open, and a gleam of light cut the gloom.

A wrinkled old woman stood on the threshold leering out at them with a greedy glitter in her bead-like eyes.

"This way, Bill," she said, addressing the man, and barely glancing at the burden he was lifting from the carriage. "I've got her room all ready for her."

"Of course you have," returned he, crossly. "You've had time enough."

"Time?" croaked the crone. "Haven't my hands and my head, too, been busy all this afternoon? Work, work, work. And to make it worse, *he's* been here?"

"Who?"

"Captain Marthe."

The man called Bill looked not a little annoyed at this piece of information. "I hope he is not here now?" he said, roughly.

"But he is, though."

"Humph. Lead the way up stairs.—Don't stand chattering there all night."

The woman seemed in no wise disturbed by his rudeness. She waited until he came nearer with his senseless burden. Then she thrust her light close to Bernice's face, glared at her a moment, and afterwards looked round with a quick start.

"Bill," she said, "what ails the girl?"

"She's fainted, that's all."

The word was echoed by a voice at the head of the stairs. It was a man's voice, very musical and sweet, and yet singularly clear.

"Come up," it said, crossly. "Don't stand there all night."

Bill needed no second bidding. He hurried up the rickety steps, and at the top confronted a thin, wiry man with a dark saturnine face and tigerish eyes, almost yellow in color.

This was Captain Marthe, a man who is to figure conspicuously in this story.

Precisely who he was, and the nature of his interest in Bernice, must be told further on.

Without a word he threw open a door leading from the landing, and Bill quickly entering laid the unconscious girl on a couch in one corner of the meagrely-furnished apartment.

Captain Marthe approached the couch and gazed down at that still white face with a smile upon his lips, as if gloating over her wondrous beauty.

The old woman had followed Bill up the stairs. Captain Marthe suddenly beckoned her to come nearer.

"Search the girl," he said, in a hoarse whisper. "You can do it without opposition before she recovers consciousness."

"Search her?" repeated the woman, aghast.

"Yes," dropping his eyes, while a sudden tinge of red flamed into his swarthy cheek. "I have good reasons for making the request. Any trinkets or papers you may find upon her person you are to give over to me."

"Trinkets?" echoed the hag, with a greedy look.

"Why repeat my words?" muttered Captain Marthe, angrily. "I said trinkets or papers."

"Has she anything that belongs to you?" interposed Bill, who, villain though he was, did not like this proceeding.

Captain Marthe turned on him angrily.

"She carries that about her which would be my eternal ruin," he answered, in a savage tone.

"That alters the question. Meg," addressing the old woman, "you may do this gentleman's bidding. I shall not interfere."

"It is well," said Captain Marthe, through his clenched teeth.

Bill understood the words and the look which accompanied them.

"I would have balked your little game in that direction had circumstances been different," he said, doggedly.

Captain Marthe made no answer. He signed impatiently for Meg to begin the search, and stationed himself on the other side of couch where he could watch all her movements.

"You might have waited long enough to be sure the poor creature will not die in a swoon," muttered Bill, glowering in the background.

Meg laid her yellow hands on Bernice's shoulders. Her touch seemed possessed of almost galvanic power. A sudden shiver ran through the girl's frame; her bosom rose and fell, and with a long drawn sigh she opened her eyes.

She glared wildly around, and her wandering glance almost instantly fixed itself upon the thin, tigerish face bending toward her on one side of the couch.

"Captain Marthe!" she cried, and rose up with a shriek of abject terror. "Lost! lost!"

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## A CHINESE DINNER.

BY W. A. B.

Invited to a grand Chinese dinner, the hour named was 11 A. M., and the *locale* a boat. Having heard much of the obnoxious stuff I should have to eat, and been daily cautioned that I should be ill for at least a week afterward, I intimated to a medical friend that I was about to "dine *a la Chinoise!*" and should probably require his services that evening. He gave me the prescription, "Take a very little of each dish, and take a very long time about it." Of the latter I had no choice, for we began at eleven and did not conclude until half-past five. I felt a little squeamish, but was not actually sick, and the doctor said I had the digestion of a horse.

To enumerate the dishes we ate and the prices paid for them would seem fabulous. We commenced with tea, and finished with soup. Some of the intermediate dishes were shark's fin; birds' nests, brought from Borneo, (costing nearly a guinea a mouthful;) fricassee of poodle, a little dog rather like a pig, except for its head; the fish of the *kouk* shell; an elastic substance like paxwax or India rubber, which you might masticate, but could not possibly mash; peacock's liver, very fine and *recherche;* putrid eggs, nevertheless very good; rice, of course; salted shrimps; baked almonds; cabbage in a variety of forms; green ginger; stewed fungi; fresh fish of a dozen kinds; onions *ad libitum;* salt duck cured like ham; and *pig* in every form, roast, boiled, fried. About two o'clock we rose from table, walked about, looked out of windows. Large brass bowls were brought, filled with hot water, and towels. Each one proceeded to perform ablutions, the Chinese washing their heads; after which refreshing operation we resumed our seats, and recommenced with another description of tea. Seven different sorts of *shamshoo* we partook of, made from rice, from peas, from mangoes, cocoanut, all fermented liquors; and the mystery remained—that I was not inebriated. Perhaps it was following the doctor's advice, the length of time which elapsed, and the small quantities. The *shamshoo* was drunk warm, in tiny cups, during the course of the dinner. The whole was cooked without salt, and tasted very insipid to me.

The birds' nests seemed like glue or isinglass, but the cockscombs were palatable. The dog meat was like very delicate gizzard well stewed—a short close fibre, and very tender. The dish which I fancied the most turned out to be *rat;* for upon taking a second helping after the first taste I got the head, and I certainly felt rather sick upon this discovery, but travelers who would know the world must go in boldly for manners and customs. We had tortoise and frogs; a curry of the latter was superior to chicken. We had fowls' hearts and brains of some bird—snipe, I think. We had chowchow of mangoes, *rambustan,* preserved, salted cucumber, sweet potatoes, yams, *taro,* all sorts of sweets made from rice, sugar, and cocoanut. Every dish was separate. And the soup which terminated the repast was surely boiled tripe or some interior arrangement, and I wished I had halted a little time ago. The whole was eaten with chopsticks, or a spoon like a small spade or shovel. The sticks are made into a kind of fork by being held crosswise between the fingers.

## HABIT.

Few have sufficient respect for habit—the ease with which it may be formed—the difficulty with which it can be broken—the magical power with which it smooths the rough path of duty, and enables us to look with indifference upon the allurements of the world. It is a kind of shield, which the fingers of a boy may, at first, weave of threads light as a gossamer, and which yet grows into the strength of steel. By its aid the greatest things are accomplished. The cultivation of proper *habits* should be impressed on the young. Isolated acts are of little comparative importance. In short, a correct habit of living is *principle,* without which no one can be happy.

SHOW.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one perhaps in a thousand who dares fall back on his real, simple self for power to get through the world, and exact enjoyment as he goes along. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial airs. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these days. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, there is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man desires to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh and invigorating in such an example, and we should honor and uphold such a plan with all the energy in our power.

TRUTH requires plain words; she rejects all ambiguities and reserves.

# EAST LYNNE;

OR

# THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER XL.

THE JUSTICE-ROOM.

The magistrates took their seats on the bench. The bench would not hold them. All in the Commission of the Peace flocked in. Any other day they would not have been at West Lynne. As to the room, the wonder was how it ever got emptied again, so densely was it packed. Sir Francis Levison's friends were there in a body. They did not believe a word of the accusation. "A scandalous affair," cried they, "got up probably by some sneak of the scarlet-and-purple party." Lord Mount Severn, who chose to be present, had a place assigned him on the bench. Lord Vane got the best place he could fight for amidst the crowd. Mr. Justice Hare sat as chairman, unusually stern, unbending and grim. No favor would he show, but no unfairness. Had it been to save his son from hanging, he would not adjudge guilt to Francis Levison against his conscience. Colonel Bethel was likewise on the bench; stern also.

In that primitive place—primitive in what related to the justice-room and the justices—things were not conducted with the regularity of the law. The law there was often a dead letter. No very grave cases were decided there; they went to Lynneborough. A month at the treadmill, or a week's imprisonment, or a bout of juvenile whipping, were pretty nearly the harshest sentences pronounced. Thus, in this examination, as in others, evidence was advanced that was inadmissible, at least that would have been inadmissible in a more orthodox court—hearsay testimony, and irregularities of that nature. Mr. Rubiny watched the case on behalf of Sir Francis Levison.

Mr. Ball opened the proceedings, giving the account which had been imparted to him by Richard Hare, but not mentioning Richard as his informant. He was questioned as to whence he obtained his information, but replied that it was not convenient at present to disclose the source. The stumbling-block to the magistrates appeared to be the identifying Levison with Thorn. Ebenezer James came forward to prove it.

"What do you of the prisoner, Sir Francis Levison?" questioned Justice Herbert.

"Not much," responded Mr. Ebenezer. "I used to know him as Captain Thorn."

"Captain Thorn?"

"Afy Hallijohn called him captain; but I understood he was but a lieutenant."

"From whom did you understand that?"

"From Afy. She was the only person I heard speak of him."

"And you say you were in the habit of seeing him in the place mentioned, the Abbey Wood?"

"I saw him there repeatedly; also at Hallijohn's cottage."

"Did you speak with him as Thorn?"

"Two or three times. I addressed him as Thorn, and he answered to the name. I had no suspicion but that it was his name. Otway Bethel"—casting his eyes on Mr. Otway, who stood in his shaggy attire—"also knew him as Thorn; and so, I make no doubt, did Locksley, for he was always in the wood."

"Anybody else?"

"Poor Hallijohn himself knew him as Thorn. He said to Afy one day, in my presence, that he would not have that confounded dandy, Thorn, coming there."

"Were those the words he used?"

"They were; 'that confounded dandy, Thorn.' I remember Afy's reply—it was rather insolent. She said Thorn was as free to come there as anybody else; and she would not be found fault with, as though she was not fit to take care of herself."

"That is nothing to the purpose. Were any others acquainted with this Thorn?"

"I should imagine the elder sister, Joyce, was. And the one who knew him best of all of us was young Richard Hare."

*Old* Richard Hare, from his place on the bench, frowned menacingly at an imaginary Richard.

"What took Thorn into the wood so often?"

"He was courting Afy."

"With an intention of marrying her?"

"Well—no," cried Mr. Ebenezer, with a twist of the mouth; "I should not suppose he entertained any intention of that sort. He used to come over from Swainson, or its neighborhood, riding a splendid horse."

"Whom did you suppose him to be?"

"I supposed him to be moving in the upper ranks of life. There was no doubt of it. His dress, his manners, his tone, all proclaimed it. He appeared to wish to shun observation, and evidently did not care to be seen by any of us. He rarely arrived until twilight."

"Did you see him there on the night of Hallijohn's murder?"

"No. I was not there myself that evening—so could not have seen him."

"Did a suspicion cross your mind at any time that he may have been guilty of the murder?"

"Never. Richard Hare was accused of it by universal belief, and it never occurred to me to suppose he had not done it."

"Pray, how many years is this ago?" sharply interrupted Mr. Rubiny, perceiving that the witness was done with.

"Let's see!" responded Mr. Ebenezer. "I can't be sure as to a year, without reckoning up. A dozen, if not more."

"And you mean to say that you can swear to Sir Francis Levison being that man, with all those years intervening?"

"I swear that he is the same man. I am as positive of his identity as I am of my own."

"Without having seen him from that time to this?" derisively returned the lawyer. "Nonsense, witness!"

"I did not say that," returned Mr. Ebenezer.

The court pricked up its ears.

"Have you seen him between then and now?" asked one of them.

"Once."

"Where and when?"

"It was in London, about eighteen months after the period of the murder."

"What communication had you with him?"

"None at all. I only saw him—quite by chance."

"And whom did you suppose him to be then—Thorn or Levison?"

"Thorn, certainly. I never dreamt of his being Levison until he appeared here, now, to oppose Mr. Carlyle."

A wild, savage curse shot through Sir Francis' heart as he heard the words. What demon had possessed him to venture his neck into the lion's den? There had been a strong hidden power holding him back from it, independent of his dislike to face Mr. Carlyle: how could he be so mad as to disregard it? How? Could the man go from his doom? Can any?

"You may have been mistaken, witness, as to the identity of the man you saw in London. It may not have been the Thorn you had known here."

Mr. Ebenezer James smiled a peculiar smile.

"I was not mistaken," he said, his tone sounding remarkably significant. "I am upon my oath."

"Call Aphrodite Hallijohn."

The lady appeared, supported by her friend the policeman. And Mr. Ebenezer James was desired by Mr. Ball to leave the court while she gave her evidence. Doubtless he had his reasons.

"What is your name?"

"Afy," replied she, looking daggers at everybody, and sedulously keeping her back turned upon Francis Levison and Otway Bethel.

"Your name in full, if you please. You were not christened 'Afy?'"

"Aphrodite Hallijohn. You all know my name as well as I do. Where's the use of asking useless questions?"

"Swear the witness," spoke up Mr. Justice Hare. The first word he had uttered.

"I won't be sworn," said Afy.

"You must be sworn," said Mr. Justice Herbert.

"But I say I won't," repeated Afy.

"Then we must commit you to prison for contempt of court."

There was no mercy in his tone, and Afy turned white. Sir John Dobede interposed.

"Young woman, had you a hand in the murder of your father?"

"I!" returned Afy, struggling with passion, temper, and excitement. "How dare you ask me such an unnatural question, sir? He was the kindest father!" she added, battling with her tears. "I loved him dearly. I would have saved his life with mine."

"And yet you refuse to give evidence that may assist in bringing his destroyer to justice?"

"No; I don't refuse on that score. I should like his destroyer to be hanged, and I'd go to see it. But, who knows what other questions you may be asking me, about things that concern neither you nor anybody else? That's why I object."

"We have only to deal with what bears upon the murder. The questions put to you will relate to that."

Afy considered. "Well, you may swear me, then," she said.

Little notion had she of the broad guage those questions would run upon. And she was sworn accordingly. Very unwillingly yet; for Afy, who would have told lies by the bushel unsworn, did look upon an oath as a serious matter, and felt herself compelled to speak the truth when examined under it.

"How did you become acquainted with a gentleman you often saw in those days—Captain Thorn?"

"There!" uttered the dismayed Afy. "You are beginning already. *He* had nothing to do with it—he did not do the murder."

"You have sworn to answer the questions put," was the uncompromising rejoinder. "How did you become acquainted with Captain Thorn?"

"I met him at Swainson," doggedly answered Afy. "I went over there one day, just for a spree, and I met him at a pastry-cook's."

"And he fell in love with your pretty face?" said Lawyer Ball, taking up the examination.

In the incense to her vanity, Afy nearly forgot her scruples. "Yes, he did," she answered, casting a smile of general satisfaction round upon the court.

"And got out of you where you lived, and entered upon his courting, riding over nearly every evening to see you?"

"Well," acknowledged Afy, "there was no harm in it."

"Oh, certainly not!" acquiesced the lawyer, in a pleasant, free tone, to put the witness at her ease. "Rather good, I should say: I wish I had the like luck. Did you know him at that time by the name of Levison?"

"No! He said he was Captain Thorn, and I thought he was."

"Did you know where he lived?"

"No! He never said that. I thought he was stopping temporarily at Swainson."

"And—dear me! what a sweet bonnet that is you have on!"

Afy, whose egregious vanity was her besetting sin—who possessed enough of it for any ten pretty women going—cast a glance out of the corners of her eyes at the admired bonnet, and became Mr. Ball's entirely.

"And how long was it, after your first meeting with him, before you discovered his real name?"

"Not for a long time—several months."

"Subsequent to the murder, I presume?"

"Oh, yes!"

Mr. Ball's eyes gave a twinkle, and the unconscious Afy surreptitiously smoothed, with one finger, the glossy parting of her hair.

"Besides Captain Thorn, what gentlemen were in the wood the night of the murder?"

"Richard Hare was there. Otway Bethel and Locksley also. Those were all I saw, until the crowd came."

"Were Locksley and Mr. Otway Bethel martyrs to your charms, as the other two were?"

"No, indeed!" was the witness' answer, with an indignant toss of the head. "A couple of pouching fellows like them! They had better have tried it on!"

"Which of the two, Hare or Thorn, was inside the cottage with you that evening?"

Afy was startled. "It was Thorn," she answered to Mr. Ball.

"And where was Richard Hare?"

"I don't know. He came down, but I sent him away: I would not admit him. I dare say he lingered in the wood."

"Did he leave a gun with you?"

"Yes. It was one he had promised to lend my father. I put it down just inside the door. He told me it was loaded."

"How long after this was it, before your father interrupted you?"

"He didn't interrupt us at all," returned Afy. "I never saw my father until I saw him dead."

"Were you not in the cottage all the time?"

"No; we went out for a stroll at the back. Captain Thorn wished me good-bye there, and I stayed out."

"Did you hear the gun go off?"

"I heard a shot as I was sitting on the stump of a tree, and thinking; but I attached no importance to it, never supposing it was in the cottage."

"What was it that Captain Thorn had to get from the cottage after he quitted you? What had he left there?"

Now, this was a random shaft. Lawyer Ball, a keen man, who had well weighed all points in the tale imparted to him by Richard, as well as other points, had colored them with his own deductions, and spoke accordingly. Afy was taken in.

"He had left his hat there—nothing else. It was a warm evening, and he had gone out without it."

"He told you, I believe, sufficient to convince you of the guilt of Richard Hare?" Another shaft thrown at random.

"I did not want convincing—I knew it without. Everybody else knew it."

"To be sure," equably returned Lawyer Ball. "Did Captain Thorn see it done?—did he tell you that?"

"He had got his hat, and was away down the wood some little distance, when he heard voices in dispute in the cottage, and recognized one of them to be that of my father. The shot followed close upon it, and he guessed some mischief had been done, though he did not suspect its extent."

"Thorn told you this?—when?"

"The same night—much later."

"How came you to see him?"

Afy hesitated; but she was sternly told to answer the question.

"A boy came up to the cottage and called me out, and said a strange gentleman wanted to see me in the wood, and had given him sixpence to come for me. I went, and found Captain Thorn. He asked me what the commotion was about, and I told him Richard Hare had killed my father. He said, that now I spoke of him, he could recognize Richard Hare's as having been the other voice in the dispute."

"What boy was that?—the one who came for you?"

"It was mother Whiteman's little son."

"And Captain Thorn then gave you this version of the tragedy?"

"It was the right version," fearfully spoke Afy.

"How do you know that?"

"Oh! because I'm sure it was. Who else would kill him but Richard Hare? It is a scandalous shame, your wanting to put it upon Thorn."

"Look at the prisoner, Sir Francis Levison. Is it he whom you knew as Thorn?"

"Yes; but that does not make him guilty of the murder."

"Of course it does not," complacently assented Lawyer Ball. "How long did you remain with Captain Thorn in London—upon that little visit, you know?"

Afy started like anybody moonstruck.

"When you quitted this place, after the tragedy, it was to join Captain Thorn in London. How long, I ask, did you remain with him?"

Entirely a random shaft, this. But Richard had totally denied to Lawyer Ball the popular assumption that Afy had been with him.

"Who says I was with him? Who says I went after *him?*" flashed Afy, with scarlet cheeks.

"I do," replied Lawyer Ball, taking notes of her confusion. "Come, it's over and done with—it's of no use to deny it now. We all go upon visits to our friends sometimes."

"I never heard anything so bold!" cried Afy. "Where will you tell me I went next?"

"You are upon your oath, woman!" again interposed Justice Hare, and a trembling, as of agitation, might be detected in his voice, in spite of its ringing severity. "Were you with the prisoner, Levison, or were you with Richard Hare?"

"*I* with Richard Hare?" cried Afy, agitated in her turn, and shaking like an aspen-leaf, partly with discomfiture, partly with unknown dread. "How dare that cruel falsehood be brought up again, to my face? I never saw Richard Hare after the night of the murder. I swear it. I swear that I have never seen him since. Visit *him!* I'd sooner visit Calcraft the hangman."

There was truth *in* the words—in the tone. The chairman let fall the hand which had been raised to his face, holding on his eye-glasses; and a sort of self-condemning fear arose, confusing his brain. His son, proved innocent of one part, *might* be proved innocent of the other; and then—how would his own harsh conduct show out! West Lynne, in its charity, the justice in his, had cast more odium to Richard, with regard to his after-conduct touching this girl, than it had on the score of the murder.

"Come," said Lawyer Ball, in a coaxing tone, "let us be pleasant. Of course you were not with Richard Hare; West Lynne is always ill-natured; you were on a visit to Captain Thorn, as—as any other young lady might be?"

Afy hung her head, cowed down to abject meekness.

"Answer the question," came forth the chairman's voice again. "Were you with Thorn?"

"Yes," though the answer was feeble enough.

Mr. Ball coughed an insinuating cough.

"Did you remain with him—say, two or three years?"

"Not three."

"A little over two, perhaps?"

"There was no harm in it," shrieked Afy, with a catching sob of temper. "If I chose to live in London, and he chose to make a morning call upon me, now and then, as an old friend, what's that to anybody? Where was the harm, I ask?"

"Certainly—where was the harm? *I* am not insinuating any," returned Lawyer Ball, with a wink of the eye furthest from the witness and the bench. "And, during the time that—that he was making these little morning calls upon you, did you know him to be Levison?"

"Yes. I knew him to be Captain Levison then."

"Did he ever tell you why he assumed the name of Thorn?"

"Only for a whim, he said. The day he spoke to me in the pastry-cook's shop at Swainson, something came over him, in the spur of the moment, not to give his right name, so he gave the first that came into his head. He never thought to resume it; or that other people would hear of him by it."

"I dare say not," laconically spoke Lawyer Ball. "Well, Miss Afy, I believe that is all for the present. I want Ebenezer James in again," he whispered to an officer of the justice-room, as the witness retired.

Ebenezer James reappeared and took Afy's place.

"You informed their worships, just now, that you had met Thorn in London, some eighteen months subsequent to the murder," began Lawyer Ball, launching another of his shafts. "This must have been during the period of Afy Hallijohn's sojourn with him. Did you also see *her?*"

Mr. Ebenezer opened his eyes. He knew nothing of the evidence just given by Afy, and wondered how on earth it had come out—that she had been with Thorn at all. He had never betrayed it.

"Afy?" stammered he.

"Yes, Afy," sharply returned the lawyer. "Their worships know, that when she took that trip of hers from West Lynne, it was to join Thorn, not Richard Hare—though the latter has borne the credit of it. I ask you, did you see her?—for she was then still connected with him."

"Well—yes; I did," replied Mr. Ebenezer, his own scruples removed, but wondering still how it had been discovered; unless Afy had—as he had half prophesied she would—let out in her "tantrums." "In fact, it was Afy whom I first saw."

"State the circumstances."

"I was up Paddington way one afternoon, and saw a lady going into a house. It was Afy Hallijohn. She lived there, I

found—had the drawing-room apartments. She invited me to stay tea with her, and I did."

"Did you see Captain Levison there?"

"I saw Thorn—as I thought him to be. Afy told me I must be away by eight o'clock, for she was expecting a friend, who sometimes came to sit with her for an hour's chat. But, in talking over old times—not that I could tell her much about West Lynne, for I had left it almost as long as she had—the time slipped on, past the hour. When Afy found that out, she hurried me off, and I had barely got outside the gate, when a cab drove up, and Thorn alighted from it, and let himself in with a latch-key. That is all I know."

"When you knew that the scandal of Afy's absence rested on Richard Hare, why could you not have said this, and cleared him, on your return to West Lynne?"

"It was no affair of mine, that I should make it public. Afy asked me not to say I had seen her, and I promised her I would not. As to Richard Hare—a little extra scandal on his back was nothing; while there remained on it the worse scandal of the murder."

"Stop a bit," interposed Mr. Rubiny, as the witness was about to retire. "You speak of the time being eight o'clock in the evening, sir. Was it dark?"

"Yes."

"Then how could you be certain it was Thorn, who got out of the cab and entered?"

"I am quite certain. There was a gas-lamp right at the spot, and I saw him as well as I should have seen him in daylight. I know his voice, too; could have sworn to it anywhere; and I could almost have sworn to him, by his splendid diamond ring. It flashed in the lamplight."

"His voice! did he speak to you?"

"No. But he spoke to the cabman. There was a half dispute between them. The man said Thorn had not paid him enough; that he had not allowed for the having kept him waiting twenty minutes on the road. Thorn swore at him a bit, and then flung him an extra shilling."

The next witness was a man who had been groom to the late Sir Peter Levison. He testified that the prisoner, Sir Francis Levison, had been on a visit to his master late in the summer and part of the autumn, the year that Hallijohn was killed. That he frequently rode out in the direction of West Lynne, especially toward evening, and came home with the horse in a foam. Also that he picked up two letters at different times, which Mr. Levison had carelessly let fall from his pocket, and returned them to him. Both the notes were addressed "Captain Thorn." But they had not been through the post, for there was no further superscription on them; and the writing looked like a lady's. He remembered quite well hearing of the murder of Hallijohn, the witness added, in answer to a question; it made a great stir throughout the country. It was just at that same time that Mr. Levison concluded his visit, and returned to London.

"A *wonderful* memory!" Mr. Rubiny sarcastically remarked.

The witness, a quiet, respectable man, replied that he *had* a good memory; but that circumstances had impressed upon it particularly the fact that Mr. Levison's departure followed close upon the murder of Hallijohn.

"One day, when Sir Peter was round at the stables, gentlemen, he was urging his nephew to prolong his visit, and asked what sudden freak was taking him off. Mr. Levison replied that unexpected business called him to London. While they were talking, the coachman came up, all in a heat, telling that Hallijohn of West Lynne had been murdered by young Mr. Hare. I remember Sir Peter said he could not believe it; and that it must have been an accident, not murder."

"Is that all?"

"There was more said. Mr. Levison, in a shame-faced sort of manner, asked his uncle, would he let him have five or ten pounds? Sir Peter seemed angry, and asked, What had he done with the fifty pound note he had made him a present of only the previous morning? Mr. Levison replied that he had sent that away to a brother officer, to whom he was in debt. Sir Peter refused to believe it, and said he had more likely squandered it upon some disgraceful folly. Mr. Levison denied that he had; but he looked confused: indeed, his manner altogether was confused that morning."

"Did he get the five or ten pounds?"

"I do not know, gentlemen. I dare say he did, for my master was as persuadable as a woman, though he'd fly out a bit sometimes at first. Mr. Levison departed for London that same night."

The last witness called was Mr. Dill. On the previous Tuesday evening, he had been returning home from spending an hour at Mr. Beauchamp's, when, in the field opposite to Mr. Justice Hare's, he suddenly heard a commotion. It arose from the meeting of Sir Francis Levison and Otway Bethel. The former appeared to have been enjoying a solitary moonlight ramble; and the latter to have encountered him, unexpectedly. Words ensued. Bethel accused Sir Francis of "shirking" him; Sir Francis answered angrily—that he knew nothing of him, and nothing he wanted to know.

"You were glad enough to know something of me the night of Hallijohn's murder," retorted Bethel to this. "Do you remember that I could hang you? One little word from me, and you'd stand in Dick Hare's place."

"You fool!" passionately cried Sir Francis. "You couldn't hang me without putting your own head in the noose. Did you not have your hush money. Are you wanting to do me out of more?"

"A cursed paltry note of fifty pounds!" foamed Otway Bethel, "which many a time since, I have wished my fingers had been blown off before they touched. I never should have touched it, but that I was altogether overwhelmed with the moment's confusion. I have not been able to look Mrs. Hare in the face since—knowing I hold the secret that would save her son from the hangman."

"And put yourself in his place," sneered Sir Francis.

"No. Put you."

"That's as it might be. But, if I went to the hangman, you would go with me. There would be no excuse or escape for you. You know it."

The warfare continued longer, but this was the cream of it. Mr. Dill heard the whole, and repeated it now to the magistrates. Mr. Rubiny protested that it was "inadmissable;" "hearsay evidence;" "contrary to law;" but the bench oracularly put Mr. Rubiny down, and told him they did not require any stranger to come there and teach them their business.

Colonel Bethel had leaned forward at the conclusion of Mr. Dill's evidence, dismay on his face, agitation in his voice. "Are you sure that you made no mistake?—that the other in this interview was Otway Bethel?"

Mr. Dill sadly shook his head. "Am I one to swear to a wrong man, colonel? I wish I had not heard it—save that it may be the means of clearing Richard Hare."

Sir Francis Levison had braved out the proceedings with a haughty, cavalier air, his delicate hands and his diamond ring remarkably conspicuous. Was that stone the real thing, or a false one, substituted for the real? Hard up as he had long been for money, the suspicion might arise. A derisive smile crossed his features at parts of the evidence, as much as to say, "You may convict me as to Mademoiselle Afy, but you can't as to the murder." When, however, Mr. Dill's testimony was given, what a change was there! His mask turned down to what looked like abject fear, and he shook in his shoes as he stood.

"Of course your worships will take bail for Sir Francis?" said Mr. Rubiny, at the close of the proceedings.

Bail! The bench looked at one another.

"Your worships will not refuse it—a gentleman in Sir Francis Levison's position?"

The bench thought they had never had so insolent an application made to them. Bail for him!—on this charge! No; not if the lord chancellor himself came down to offer it.

Mr. Otway Bethel, conscious, probably, that nobody would offer bail for him, not even the colonel, did not ask the bench to take it. So the two were fully committed to take their trial for the "Wilful murder, otherwise the killing and slaying" of George Hallijohn; and before night would be on their road to the county prison at Lynneborough.

And that vain, ill-starred Afy! What of her? Well, Afy had retreated to the witness-room again, after giving evidence, and there she remained till the close, agreeably occupied in a mental debate. What would they make out from her admissions regarding her sojourn in London and the morning calls? How would that precious West Lynne construe it? She did not much care; she would brave it out, and assail them with towering indignation, did any dare to cast a stone at her.

Such was her final decision, arrived at just as the proceedings terminated. Afy was right glad to remain where she was, till some of the bustle was gone.

"How was it ended?" she asked of Mr. Ball, who, being a bachelor, was ever regarded with much graciousness by Afy, for she kept her eyes open to contingencies; although Mr. Joe Jiffin was held in reserve.

"They are both committed for wilful murder—off to Lynneborough in an hour."

Afy's choler rose. "What a shame! To commit two innocent men upon such a charge!"

"I can tell you what, Miss Afy, the sooner you disabuse your mind of that prejudice, the better. Levison has been as good as proved guilty to-day; but if proof were wanting, he and Bethel have criminated each other. 'When rogues fall out, honest men get their own.' Not that I can quite fathom Bethel's share in the exploit, though I can pretty well guess at it. And, in proving themselves guilty, they have proved the innocence of Richard Hare."

Afy's face was changing to whiteness; her confident air to one of dread; her vanity to humiliation.

"It—can't—be—true!" she gasped.

"It's true enough. The part you have hitherto ascribed to Thorn, was enacted by Richard Hare. He heard the shot from his place in the wood, and saw Thorn run, ghastly, trembling, horrified, from his wicked work. Believe me, it was Thorn who killed your father."

Afy grew cold as she listened. That one awful moment, when conviction that his words were true forced itself upon her, was enough to sober her for a whole lifetime. *Thorn!* Her sight failed; her head reeled; her very heart turned to sickness. One struggling cry of pain, and, for the second time that day, Afy Hallijohn fell forward in a fainting fit.

Shouts, hisses, execrations, yells! The prisoners were being brought forth, to be conveyed to Lynneborough. A whole posse of constables was necessary to protect them against the outbreak of the mob, which outbreak was not directed against Otway Bethel, but against Sir Francis Levison. Cowering, like the guilty culprit that he was, shivered he, hiding his white face—wondering whether it would be a repetition of Justice Hare's green pond, or tearing him asunder piecemeal; and cursing the earth because it did not open and let him in!

## CHAPTER XLI.

### FIRE!

Miss Lucy was *en penitence*. She had been guilty of some childish fault that day, at Aunt Cornelia's, which, coming to the knowledge of Mrs. Carlyle, after their return home, the young lady was ordered to the nursery for the rest of the day and to be regaled upon bread and water.

Barbara was in her pleasant dressing-room. There was to be a dinner party at East Lynne that evening, and she had just finished dressing. Very lovely looked she, in her dinner-dress, with purple and scarlet flowers in her bosom. She glanced at her watch somewhat anxiously, for the gentlemen had not made their appearance. Half-past six! And they were to dine at seven.

Madame Vine tapped at the door. Her errand was to beg grace for Lucy. She had been promised half-an-hour in the drawing-room, when the ladies entered it from the dessert-table, and was now in an agony of grief at the disappointment. Would Mrs. Carlyle pardon her and allow her to be dressed?

"You are too lenient to that child, madame," spoke Barbara. "I don't think you ever would punish her at all. But when she commits faults, they must be corrected."

"She is very sorry for her fault; she promises not to be rude again. She is crying as if she would cry her heart out."

"Not for her ill-behavior, but because she's afraid of missing the drawing-room to-night," cried Barbara.

"Do, pray, restore her to favor," pleaded madame.

"I shall see. Just look, Madame Vine! I broke this, a minute or two ago. Is it not a pity?"

Barbara held in her hand a beautiful toilette ornament, set in pure gold. One of the petals had come off.

Madame Vine examined it. "I have some cement upstairs, that would join it," she exclaimed. "I could do it in two minutes. I bought it in France."

"Oh, I wish you would," was Barbara's delighted response. "Do bring it here and join it now. Shall I bribe you?" she added, laughingly. "You make this all right, and then you shall bear back grace to Lucy—for I perceive that is what your heart is set upon."

Madame Vine went, and returned with her cement. Barbara watched her, as she took the pieces in her hand, to see how the one must fit on to the other.

"This has been broken once, as Joyce tells me," Barbara said. "But it must have been imperceptibly joined, for I have looked in vain for the damage. Mr. Carlyle bought it for his first wife when they were in London after their marriage. She broke it subsequently, here, at East Lynne. You will never do it, Madame Vine, if your hand shakes like that. What is the matter?"

A great deal was the matter. First, the ominous words had been upon her tongue, "It was here where the stem joins the flower;" but she recollected herself in time. Next came up the past vision of the place and hour when the accident occurred. Her hanging sleeve had swept it off the table; Mr. Carlyle was in the room, and he had soothed her sorrow, her almost childish sorrow, with kisses sweet. Ah me! poor thing! I think our hands would have shaken as hers did. The ornament and the kisses were Barbara's now.

"I ran quickly up the stairs and back again," was the explanation she offered to Mrs. Carlyle for her shaking hands.

At that moment Mr. Carlyle and their guests were heard to return, and ascend to their respective apartments, Lord Vane's gleeful voice echoing through the house. Mr. Carlyle came into his wife's dressing-room, and Madame Vine would have made a precipitate retreat.

"No, no," said Barbara, "finish it, now you have begun. Mr. Carlyle will be going to his room. Look at the misfortune I have had, Archibald, I have broken this."

Mr. Carlyle glanced carelessly at the trinket, and at Madame Vine's white fingers. He crossed to the door of his dressing-room and opened it, then held out his hand in silence for Barbara to approach, and drew her in with him. Madame Vine went on with her work.

Presently Barbara returned, and approached the table where stood Madame Vine, while she drew on her gloves. Her eyelashes were wet.

"I could not help shedding a few tears for joy," exclaimed Barbara, with a pretty blush, perceiving that madame observed the signs. "Mr. Carlyle has been telling me that my brother's innocence is now all but patent to the world. It came out upon the examination of those two men, Sir Francis and Otway Bethel. Lord Mount Severn was present at the proceedings, and says they have in some way criminated each other. Papa sat in his place as chairman; I wonder that he liked to do so."

Lower bent the head of Madame Vine over her employment. "Has anything been proved against them?" she asked, in her usual soft tone, almost a whisper.

"There is not the least doubt of the guilt of Levison, but Otway Bethel's share in the affair is a puzzle yet," replied Mrs. Carlyle. "Both are committed for trial. Oh, that man! that man! how his sins come out!" she continued in excitement.

Madame Vine glanced up through her spectacles.

"Would you believe," continued Barbara, dropping her voice, "that while West Lynne, and I fear ourselves also, gave that miserable Afy credit for going away with Richard, she was all the time with Levison? Ball the Lawyer got her to confess it to-day. I am unacquainted with the details; Mr. Carlyle would not give them to me. He said the bare fact was quite enough; and considering the associations it involved would not do to talk of."

Mr. Carlyle was right.

"Out it seems to come, little by little; one wickedness after another!" resumed Barbara. "I do not like Mr. Carlyle to hear it. No, I don't. Of course there is no help for it; but he must feel it terribly; so must Lord Mount Severn. She *was* his wife, you know, and the children are hers; and to think that she—I mean he must feel it *for her*," went on Barbara after her sudden pause, and there was some hauteur in her tone lest she should be misunderstood.—"Mr. Carlyle is one of the very few men, so entirely noble, whom the sort of disgrace reflected from Lady Isabel's conduct cannot touch."

The carriage of the first guest. Barbara ran across the room, and rattled at Mr. Carlyle's door. "Archibald, do you hear?"

Back came the laughing answer. "I shan't keep them long. But they may surely accord a few minutes' grace to a man who has just been converted into an M. P."

Barbara descended to the drawing-room, leaving her, that unhappy lady, to the cement and the broken pieces, and to battle as best she could with her bitter heart. Nothing but stabs; nothing but stabs! Was her punishment ever to end? No. The step she had taken in coming back to East Lynne, precluded that.

The guests arrived; all save Mr. and Mrs. Hare. Barbara received a note from her instead. The justice did not feel well enough to join them.

I should think he did not.

A pleasant party it was at East Lynne; and twelve o'clock struck before the carriages of the last guest drove away. It may have been from one to two hours after that, and the house was steeped in moonlight and quietness, everybody being abed and asleep, when a loud summons at the hall bell echoed through the stillness.

The first to put her head out at a window was Wilson. "Is it fire?" shrieked she, in the most excessive state of terror conceivable. Wilson had a natural dread of fire; some people do possess this dread more than others; and had oftentime aroused the house to a commotion by declaring she smelt it. "Is it fire?" shrieked Wilson.

"Yes!" was shouted at the very top of a man's voice, who stepped from beneath the entrance pillars to answer.

Wilson waited for no more. Clutching at the baby with one hand—a fine young gentleman now of near twelve months old, promising fair to be as great a source of trouble to Wilson and the nursery as was his brother Archibald, whom he greatly resembled—and at Archie with the other; out she flew to the corridor, screeching, "Fire! fire! fire!" in every accent of horror. Into William's room, and dragging him out of bed; into Lucy's, and dragging her; banging open the door of Madame Vine, and the shrieks "Fire! fire! fire!" never ceasing, down tore Wilson with the four children, and burst unceremoniously into the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. By this time, the children, terrified out of their senses, not at Wilson's cry of alarm, but at the summary propelling downstairs, set up a shrieking too. Madame Vine, believing that half the house at least was in flames, was the next to appear, throwing on a shawl she had caught up, and then came Joyce.

"Fire! fire! fire!" shouted Wilson; "we are all a being burnt up together!"

Poor Mrs. Carlyle, thus wildly aroused from sleep, sprang out of bed and into the corridor in her night dress. Everybody else was in a night dress; when folks are dying for dear life, they don't stop to look for their dress-coats, and best blonde cape. Out came Mr. Carlyle, who had hastily assumed his pantaloons.

He cast a rapid glance down to the hall, and saw that the stairs were perfectly free for escape; therefore the hurry was not so violent. Every soul around him was shrieking in concert, making the confusion and din terrible. The bright moonlight streamed in at the corridor windows, but there was no other light; shadowy and indistinct enough looked the white figures.

"Where is the fire?" he exclaimed. "I don't smell any. Who first gave the alarm?"

The bell answered him. The hall bell, which rang out ten times louder and longer than before. He opened one of the windows, and leaned out. "Who's there?" Madame Vine caught up Archie.

"It's me, sir," responded a voice, which he at once recognized to be that of one of Mr. Hare's men-servants. "Master has been took in a fit, sir, and mistress sent me for you and Miss Barbara. You must please make haste, sir, if you would see him alive."

Miss Barbara! It was more familiar to Jasper, in a moment of excitement, than the new name.

"You, Jasper! Is the house on fire—this house?"

"Well, I don't know, sir. I can hear a dreadful deal of screeching in it."

Mr. Carlyle closed the window. He began to suspect that the danger lay in fear alone. "Who told you there was fire?" he demanded of Wilson.

"That man ringing at the door," sobbed Wilson. "Thank goodness, I have saved the children!"

Mr. Carlyle felt somewhat exasperated at the mistake. His wife was trembling from head to foot, her face of a deadly whiteness; and he knew that she was not in a condition to be alarmed, necessarily or unnecessarily. She clung to him in terror, asking if they *could* escape.

"My darling, be calm! There's no fire; it is a stupid mistake. You may all go back to bed and sleep in peace," he added to the rest. "And the next time that you alarm the house in the night, Wilson, have the goodness to make yourself sure, first of all, that there's cause for it."

Barbara, frightened still, bewildered and uncertain, escaped to the window and threw it open. But Mr. Carlyle was nearly as quick as she; he caught her to him with one hand, and drew the window down with the other. To have these tidings told to her abruptly would be worse than all. By this time some of the servants had descended the other staircase, with a light, being in various stages of costume; and hastened to open the hall-door. Jasper entered. The man had probably waited to help put out the "fire." Barbara caught sight of him ere Mr. Carlyle could prevent it, and grew sick with fear, believing some ill had happened to her mother.

Drawing her inside their chamber, he broke the news to her soothingly and tenderly, making light of it.

She burst into tears. "You are not deceiving me, Archibald? Papa is not dead?"

"Dead!" cheerfully echoed Mr. Carlyle, in the same tone he might have used had Barbara wondered whether the justice was taking a night airing for pleasure in a balloon. "Wilson has indeed frightened you, love. Dress yourself, and we will go and see him."

At that moment Barbara recollected William. Strange that she should be the first to do so—before Lady Isabel, before Mr. Carlyle. She ran out again to the corridor, where the boy stood shivering.

"He may have caught his death!" she uttered, snatching him up in her arms. "Oh, Wilson! what have you done? His nightgown is damp and cold."

Unfit as she was for the burden, she bore him to her own bed. Wilson was not at leisure to attend to reproaches just then. She was engaged in a wordy war with Jasper, leaning over the balustrades to carry it on.

"I never told you there was a fire!" indignantly denied Jasper.

"You did. I opened the nursery window, and called out, 'Is it fire?' and you answered, 'Yes.'"

"You called out, 'Is it Jasper?' What else should I say but 'Yes' to that? Fire! Where was the fire likely to be—in the park?"

"Wilson, take the children back to bed," authoritatively spoke Mr. Carlyle, as he advanced to look down into the hall. "John, are you there? The close carriage instantly—look sharp. Madame Vine, pray don't continue to hold that heavy boy; Joyce, can't you relieve madame?"

In crossing back to his room, Mr. Carlyle had brushed past madame, and noticed that she appeared to be shaking, as if with the weight of Archibald. In reality she was still alarmed, not understanding yet the cause of the commotion. Joyce, who comprehended it as little, and had stood with her arms round Lucy, advanced to take Archibald, and Mr. Carlyle disappeared. Barbara had taken off her own warm nightgown then, and put it upon William, in place of his cold one—had struck a light, and was busily dressing herself.

"Just feel his nightgown, Archibald! Wilson——"

A shrill cry of awful terror interrupted the words, and Mr. Carlyle made but one bound out again. Barbara followed; the least she thought was that Wilson had dropped the baby in the hall.

That was not the catastrophe. Wilson, with the baby and Lucy, had already disappeared up the staircase, and Madame Vine was disappearing. Archibald lay on the soft carpet of the corridor, where madame had stood; for Joyce, in the act of taking him, had let him slip to the ground—let him fall from sheer terror. She held on by the balustrades, her face ghastly, her mouth open, her eyes fixed in horror—altogether an object to look upon. Archie gathered himself on his sturdy legs, and stood staring.

"Why, Joyce! what is the matter with you?" cried Mr. Carlyle. "You look as if you had seen a spectre."

"Oh, master!" she wailed; "I have seen one."

"Are you all going deranged together?" retorted he, wondering what had come to the house. "Seen a spectre, Joyce?"

Joyce fell on her knees, as if unable to support herself, and crossed her shaking hands upon her chest. Had she seen ten spectres, she could not have betrayed more dire distress. She was a sensible and faithful servant, and not given to flights of fancy, and Mr. Carlyle gazed at her in very amazement.

"Joyce, what is this?" he asked, bending down and speaking kindly.

"Oh, my dear master! Heaven have mercy upon us all!" was the inexplicable answer.

"Joyce, I ask you what is this?"

She made no reply. She rose up, shaking; and, taking Archie's hand, slowly proceeded toward the upper stairs, low moans breaking from her, and the boy's naked feet pattering on the carpet.

"What can all her?" whispered Barbara, following Joyce with her eyes. "What did she mean about a spectre?"

"She must have been reading a ghost-book," said Mr. Carlyle. "Wilson's folly has turned the house topsy-turvy. Make you haste, Barbara."

* * * * *

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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## FIGHT WITH A KANGAROO.

Kangaroo hunting, though not altogether lacking the spice of danger which gives the greatest zest to active sports, is, however, usually indebted for it to the natural difficulties of the country ridden over, and coolness, a quick eye for overhanging branches, and a staunch and knowing horse to deal with fallen timber, are, therefore, generally sufficient to enable the sportsman to bag his game and insure him against "a spill"—the only danger to which his anticipations carry him when setting forth on his excursion. But the gentle and harmless kangaroo sometimes assumes the aspect of a formidable "old man," and then the chase becomes a very different matter, involving such little unpleasantnesses as squeezed and maimed dogs, scratched horses, and torn clothes, perhaps skins.

Such an experience of "catching a Tartar" was furnished to three Inglewood sportsmen, recently, while out kangarooing on Roort Run. They found a large mob of the animals and killed one, and then turned their attention to "a regular boomer," standing nearly seven feet high, which they cut off from the rest, for so far from making any disposition to make off, he appeared as eager for a fray as his assailants, and fearlessly rushed upon the three horsemen and five dogs opposed to him. Two of the dogs were kangaroo dogs, two others were coolies, and the fifth was a small terrier, which was the only one of the hunting party that did not seem to have too much of the battle before the fight was closed. The kangaroo dogs and coolies were successively taken up as they dashed at the "old man's" throat, and treated to a squeeze, which effectually damped their ardor, and they slunk away into inglorious security, while the little terrier—too small to be hugged and too quick to be ripped—worried and teased to the end.

In the mean time, the horsemen were not idle, but used the sticks with which they had armed themselves to good purpose; but they had a rough antagonist to deal with, and when he got rid of the canine enemies, he seemed to be quite able and willing to return the favors they were so plentifully bestowing upon him. He caught one round the waist and tried to pull him off his horse, but luckily his grip failed and he only succeeded in tearing his trowsers and thigh. He then caught the horse round the neck, and was with difficulty beaten off. He then made a rush at another of the horses, but only succeeded in dashing his claws into its hind quarters, and the startled animal went off at a racing speed, the rider losing his hat in the run, and not daring for a short time to look back, thinking that the "old man" was hanging on behind.

After about an hour and a half of this kind of work, the hunters were completely fagged out and drew off their forces. When they had retired about one hundred yards they looked back, and there was the "old man," calmly licking his wounds, keeping possession of the battle-field, and surveying them with the look of a conqueror, as if he had not the slightest objection to try conclusions with them again. This so provoked them that they went back again, and had another set-to, assisted only by the terrier, though, for the other dogs had had enough of his kangarooship; but the second battle ended as the first did, and the sportsmen had to confess themselves beaten, and leave the hunt without the brush.

LOVE IN BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD.—The love of a boy differs from that of a man in this—it is the wanton enjoyment of a present imperious feeling, from which all serious consideration of the future is excluded. It is mere blind activity of newly-awakened emotions. Hence the rashness of early loves. The boy wants to love; almost any woman will suffice. Hence he is violent, capricious, inconstant, because he only seeks an excitement; he tries his young wings. The tender feeling of *protection*, which enters so largely into the love of a man,—the serious thoughts of the duties he owes to the girl who gives up her life to him, and to the children she may bear him,—these, and the thousand minute but powerful influences which affect the man, are unknown to the boy.

LINK BETWEEN HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Blessed be the little children who make up so unconsciously for our life disappointments. How many couples, mutually unable to bear each other's faults, find solace for their pain in these golden links! On that they are one. These fragile props keep them from quite sinking disheartened by life's roadside. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else unwilling ones, and made them see how blessed earth may become in pronouncing that little word—"Forgive!"

## PERSPIRATION OF PLANTS.

The opinion is very general that the drops which glitter so brightly on the leaves of plants beneath the bright rays of the morning sun are deposited by the atmosphere during the night. This, no doubt, is often and commonly the case, but it certainly is not the only source from whence they come. Nothing is more easy of proof than that plants perspire. Put a plant under a bell-glass, the leaves of which are removed from any possible contact with the earth, or with exhalations from it, by means of metallic or other plates; deprive the air enclosed within the glass of its moisture, by placing a small quantity of some hygrometric substance therein, and it will be found that, notwithstanding the admission of moisture from without is absolutely impossible, there will still be a collection of pearly drops on the leaves. The sunflower perspires more than a man does by a great deal—that is to say, from his face alone, seeing that the flower has no body that can be compared with the body of a man. It has been estimated that the quantity exhaled from the sunflower exceeds the quantity which runs from the forehead of a man who gains his living by the sweat of his brow, in the proportion of fifteen to one. There are many other plants which, like the *Cesalpinia pluriosa*, yield water in such abundance that it is constantly trickling from leaf to leaf, and actually, as in the case of the tree just mentioned, contributing largely to the supply of the people who live in their vicinity. This enormous exudation of moisture has been attributed to the extreme superabundance of vitality which vegetables possess. The functional activity of some is quite extraordinary; what will be thought of the fact that, at the moment when certain of them flower, the flower reaches a temperature of from one hundred to one hundred and sixty degrees?

HAPPINESS is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on himself.

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MEANS WHAT HE SAYS.

Though "confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ," and as numerous as the sands on the sea shore were produced to prove that the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is in earnest, and *means* what he says, when he offers $500 reward for any case of Catarrh which he cannot cure, yet there would be some skeptics and fogies who would continue to shout "*Humbug!*" "HUMBUG!!" "It cannot be, because Dr. Homespun says Catarrh cannot be cured." Now, this Dr. Homespun is the identical, good natured old fellow who honestly believes and persists in declaring that this earth is not round or spherical, but as flat as a "slap-jack," and does not turn over, otherwise the water would all be spilled out of Deacon Bascom's mill pond. But astronomical science has positively demonstrated and proven that Dr. Homespun is wrong in supposing the earth to be flat and stationary, and medical science is daily proving the fact that he is no less mistaken and behind the times in regard to the curability of Catarrh. In short, it has been positively proven that this world *moves*, and that medical science is *progressive*,—the opinion of Dr. Homespun to the contrary notwithstanding. That Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure Catarrh, thousands who have used it attest.

Then buy it, and use it, in doubt do not stand,
You will find it in drug stores all over the land.

(*From the Catskill Recorder of Nov. 15, 1872.*)

*A GOOD REMEDY.*

We invite attention to the advertisement of Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Our readers will bear us witness that we never knowingly commend humbugs of any name or nature, and a large portion of patent medicines may safely be classed as impositions upon public credulity. But having witnessed the beneficial effects of Sage's Remedy upon the members of our family and others, in Catarrhal cases, we unqualifiedly pronounce it a valuable medicine, entitled to public confidence. The proprietor could easily obtain in Catskill many certificates of its merits.

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There is no good reason why an English speaking people should be doctored in Latin. If we should describe the properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in the jargon of the profession, not one reader in twenty would understand what it is good for. We prefer to say in simple words that it possesses strengthening, regulating and purifying qualities of the highest order; that the vegetable ingredients of which it is composed are eminently wholesome and salutary, and that the stimulant which is combined with them is the purest that can be manufactured.—We prescribe it, not in garbled Latin, but in the good old mother tongue, as a remedy for languor, debility, nervousness, indigestion, liver complaint, fever and ague, constipation, rheumatism and low spirits and as a preventive of every disease produced by foul air, whether it stagnates in crowded work-rooms or imperils life and health in swampy districts and new clearings. So the masses say, and so they have been saying for the last twenty years.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

R. J. C. WALKER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—Single copies $3.00 per annum; four copies for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. Nine copies to one address for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time.

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R. J. C. WALKER,
727 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Evening, June 13, 1874.

## TO OUR READERS.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following graceful and well-merited tribute to the memory of two of the earliest contributors to the columns of this paper, from the pen of Mr. T. Cottrell Clarke, himself the original editor of the SATURDAY EVENING POST. It was to Mr. Clarke's energy and talent, during his editorial management, which lasted until 1826, that this now veteran journal was largely indebted for its early success.

OLD WRITERS FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On Thursday of last week, two of the old writers of the POST were buried, of whom I see no mention made, though pleasant memories are associated with their names, and the name of the dear old POST, which their genius helped to build up.

The name of Edmund Morris is the oldest and the first in order. He began life as a Market Street merchant, and occasionally contributed poetical and humorous articles to our Family Paper, which was the only paper of the kind in the country. His attachment for the POST led Mr. Morris to relinquish mercantile pursuits, and prepare himself for the more congenial duties of an editor. His first step in this direction evinced a wise discretion, for he entered the office of one of the best editors in Philadelphia, the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, where the merchant became an apprentice. He subsequently, on the expiration of his six months' apprenticeship, published several papers, in one of which, the *Saturday Bulletin*, he was materially assisted by the able contributions of Mr. J. J. Smith, then the popular librarian of the Philadelphia Library.

My earliest acquaintance with Mr. Morris was in the year 1823, when his writings came into my possession as editor of our favorite SATURDAY EVENING POST. One of his apprentices was Mr. Benjamin Moran, for nearly twenty years Secretary of the American Legation in London.

Mr. Morris, for several years past, has enjoyed the luxury of a retired gentleman-farmer, priding himself in cultivating the most delicious fruit, his immense blackberries reminding us of the black balls with which, in olden times, we used to beat down the ink on the forms of the POST. My life-long, cherished friend was buried on Thursday, at Burlington, aged 74 years.

MR. ROBERT MORRIS was younger than Edmund, being but 64 on the day of his burial, last Thursday. He commenced life as an apothecary, at South and Fifth Streets, where he poured forth brilliant effusions, which found a cordial welcome in the columns of the rising and popular SATURDAY EVENING POST, so early as 1823. After an intimacy of a few years, when the editor of the POST and his friend Morris began to think of our mutual interests, we published a paper jointly, becoming "proprietors" as well as editors. Our printer, Mr. John R. Walker, started the *Inquirer* paper, which subsequently became, under that enterprising publisher, Mr. Jesper Harding, the *Pennsylvania* (now Philadelphia) *Inquirer*. Of this Mr. Morris became the editor, and continued to make it the most pleasant, gentlemanly daily paper ever published in this city. I may be excused for saying this much, because Mr. Morris carried with him into the *Inquirer*, his own talents, and our joint subscription list, which helped to swell that of the daily paper.

After a faithful service of over twenty years, Mr. Morris left the editorial chair in 1857, to become President of the Commonwealth Bank.

Thus have passed away two of the early writers of the favorite and still flourishing SATURDAY EVENING POST, which, for more than half a century, starting out from the old printing office of Benjamin Franklin, has shed its healthful, cheering light among the families of the land.

T. COTTRELL CLARKE.

Philadelphia, May, 13th, 1874.

## SCHOOL EXCURSIONS.

BY S. P.

"The Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,
With her slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with them comes the thirst to be away
Wasting in wood-paths the voluptuous hours."

So sings the poet in musical numbers, and so feels every man, woman and child when the spring days come. Nature is holding high holiday, and her myriad voices call us forth to share it. Rich and poor alike throng to the feast; from broad, fair avenues and narrow sunless courts the eager footsteps come, moved with the same longing to be out in the free open air, under the blue sky that arches over us like heaven's love.—Only to be abroad under the grand dome of that temple not made with hands, the wide illimitable outlook of some breezy hill expanding the spirit till it flutters with a sense of wings—only to stand as a free soul in infinite space, is fullness of content. Why it soothes so utterly, sustains and elevates so divinely, must be from the realizing of His presence and Fatherly care. Apart with Him we feel

"God's greatness flowing round our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

The good there is in such recreation is beyond estimate. And it is felt and acknowledged more and more every year. The luxury of frequent holidays devoted to country pleasures is increasingly recognized as the right of all. In nothing is the beneficent working of our free institutions more visible than in the growing disposition to spread the good things of the world before all the people. Especially the children, it seems to us, are considered of late years. They are worked hard and pushed in their studies, it is true, through the ambition and zeal of their teachers; but how the holidays thicken and brighten in the school childrens' path! They used to have morning and afternoon sessions, and if let out at four o'clock there was no end to the jubilation over the grace of that earlier hour of liberty. The one month of August out of all the year was considered enough vacation; and the occasional botanizing excursions that broke up the monotony of daily lessons were rare indeed. Now we have changed all that. No sooner does the fine weather come than picnics are planned, and the school children pour out of town in immense numbers—crowded car-loads of happiness, bound for some rustic paradise, and a whole bright day of play.

"The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west."

And the young children are let loose among them, as glad and care-free as they, for six or eight blessed hours. If there be any child in our happy country

"Who has never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun,"

dragging out life in a dark and cramped and cheerless habitation, it is his own fault or his parents', for the State stretches wide her benignant arms to take in the poorest of her children, and enroll them in the privileged ranks of her Public Schools. Without money or without price the inestimable benefit of instruction is proffered. No pains are spared to secure the best training; no care for mind or body withheld; and the public buildings are generally the stateliest. So wise and kindly and generously ample are the provisions of the State for training up free American citizens, the law-makers of the Republic. And the same liberality extends to the recreations of the sons and daughters of the nation. The holidays are multiplied, and so are the arrangements for a happy use of them.

Here in Philadelphia the frequently recurring school excursions are a spectacle to delight the philanthropist, the patriot, the Christian. Whether our city of Penn is superior in good intent to others, we know not, but certainly her opportunities are greater. The pleasant country round about, and even within the city limits, affords unnumbered places of varied attractions for disbanding the troops of

"Playful children just let loose from school."

Especially spacious, beautiful Fairmount, the largest park in the world, and probably unsurpassed for picturesque, natural charms, is chosen for the summer days' delight. And it is so rich, not only in natural but historic interest, that its lessons feed the youthful mind and heart far more abundantly than any the schools can teach. Unconsciously and involuntarily, but all the more surely, the careless scholar, strolling at his own sweet will over classic ground, is influenced by the wisdom and goodness of his country's best and greatest men, associated with these storied shades. Belmont is beautiful, and the view from it ravishing, especially in the brilliant atmosphere after a summer storm, when rainbows curve above the radiant river, arched over with its numerous graceful bridges mirrored in the stream, and the white pillars of Girard College, grand as a relic of Grecian glory, stand out in clear relief against the blue distance; but, entrancing as it is to the eye, how far more deep and strong the spell it holds upon the heart! Under those trees Washington walked, in gravest meditation over his country's peril; the stately coach and six that beseemed his dignity rolled over this sod beneath the hemlocks; here mused Hamilton, questioning the future of democratic America, and Jefferson, sanguine in the truth that all men are created free and equal; how invaluable these ministering spirits to the future legislators of the land!

And the young financier, born to control vast moneyed interests, thinks over, as he treads the sacred ground of "The Hills," the grand, pathetic life of Robert Morris; for grand it was to give his whole fortune to the country's bitter need, and pathetic beyond words that a debtor's prison should be his reward. The lesson of whole-souled patriotism burns deep into the tender heart.

On the lovely banks of the Schuylkill Franklin delighted to wander, intent on some problem of science. The thunder-clouds that sometimes darken over the merry picnic, stirring among them a flutter of consternation, remind the boy who finds a kindred spirit in Franklin of the great electrician's kite experiment; and he glories in the blinding flashes and drenching rain, fancying the philosopher whom he infinitely reverences caught in the same predicament. It is inspiring to think that the very ground he treads was trodden long ago by the heroes of his worship, young and ardent as himself, with their life of splendid accomplishment all before them.

The hills and waters of the wild romantic Wissahickon, beautiful in all the changes of the seasons, are favorite resorts, ever charming, ever new. Boating gaily along over the sunny waters, by rocky precipices, and deep in the shadows of the wooded hills, a backward glance is cast to the Indian warrior whose light canoe has vanished forever from the stream. And with his memory comes the proud reflection that here, alone in all the western world, the red man was justly dealt with. Every son and daughter of the City of Brotherly Love lifts his head ennobled by that virtue. Well may his spirit burn within, sharing the glory that places William Penn, the founder of his State, in the very front rank of Christian men!

Such are the influences brought to bear upon the rising generation by these popular school excursions. No calculation can be made of their value to the incipient poets, philosophers, scientists, legislators, receiving the public instruction that affects their future. And for the thoughtless and the little ones, careless of the storied past and its teachings, there is still the sure good of nature's gracious ministry.

"Go out, children from the alleys of the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!"

HEALTH AND MONEY.—There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: the money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

VIRTUE shines, though contemptibly clad, and is recognized and respected by noble minds.

## Will the Shadows be Lifted?

BY JACK MANN.

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow?
Does the sun ever shine in vain?
And the lands that are loud in their sorrow,
Will they ever cease weeping again?
Will the fields ever put on their greenness,
And the flowers bloom sweet as before?
Will the sky in its truest screenness
Look smilingly on us once more?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow
From my heart that with grief is rent?
Will hope, the kind mother of sorrow,
With her bow of promise be sent?
Will the waves of the heart's troubled fountains
Ever cease in their ebb and flow?
Will the shadows that darken my pathway
Be scattered like phantoms of woe?

Ah, yes, will the shadows be lifted
From hill-top, and valley, and plain,
And beautiful sunshine and gladness
Replenish the drear earth again?
I know that the weeping of nature
Will be hushed by a joy-giving ray,
And the beauty of sunset, as ever,
Be the loveliest hour of day!

Ah, yes, will the shadows be lifted
From my pathway, so dreary and lone?
And the dark, dun clouds will be rifted,
And the winds cease their pitiless moan.
Though I walk amid darkness and shadow,
*His* promise unfailing is mine;
I know in that future to-morrow
Around me His love will entwine.

## THE LOST KEY.

BY EMILY WEISTER.

"My dear Philip, have you seen my porte-monnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair.

"Is that porte-monnaie lost again?"

"*Now*, Philip," said the little woman, with a world of pretty penitence in the lengthened monosyllable, "don't scold! Upon my word, it's the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Jane," said the husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a motion denoting intense irritation. "Will you never break yourself of this careless habit, my love?"

Jane was silent, looking down like a naughty child who had been chided.

"You don't know what an annoyance these heedless habits are to a methodical man like myself, dear," he added, in a gentler tone, as the coral lip began to tremble and the eye to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful, for my sake! Here is your lost treasure," he added, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearl and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs, and thought it a most excellent opportunity for giving my careless little wife a lesson."

Jane clapped her hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh blending unconsciously into one another. "Well, if I don't make haste, I shall be too late for that engagement in the city. Let me see—the notes are in my iron safe, I believe. Nothing like locking up things and keeping the key yourself. If Jane only followed my example——"

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking in his various pockets, with nervous haste, for something which seemed not be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lip. "I always put it in that waistcoat pocket. Possibly I may have laid it on the table amongst those papers."

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and thither, like animated snow-flakes, as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought amongst their confused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes is locked up in the safe, with no earthly chance of ever getting at it! But I am certain that the key can't be *lost*—I never lose anything! It won't do to wait many more minutes—I'll just put on a clean shirt and run down town. Hang that key!"

Mr. Walter hastened up to his dressing-room to complete the details of his toilet, ere he left the house; but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his wardrobe was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were snugly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible iron safe.

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping faintly that the key might be on the mantelpiece, where he had not yet searched. No, it was not there; but a treacherous inkstand was, the contents whereof, by one unlucky sweep of the elbow, descended in an ebon cataract over his shirt-front—*the* shirt-front upon which alone he had depended!

"Well, here is a catastrophe!" he murmured, gloomily, staunching the inky flow with his pocket handkerchief. "However, I can button my coat over for the present. Let me see—there is that money I promised to pay Smithson to-day, and now——"

He stopped short; a cold dew of dismay breaking out on his forehead—the money-drawer was a fixture of the wretched iron safe!

Penniless and shirtless, what more desperate state of affairs could his worst enemy desire for him? There was a lower deep yet, however—would he not be characterless, likewise, if his wife should, by any inopportune chance, discover that he, the model of rule and order, had lost his key! So thought Mr. Walter, as he went off to a day of perplexities and mortifications in the city.

"If ever I tease Jane again about losing things," he muttered inwardly, as he entered the room on returning home, "I hope to be drowned with a hundred-weight of keys about my neck! It's certainly a judgment upon me!"

He unbuttoned his coat as he spoke, forgetful of the ink-stains of the morning.—Jane uttered a faint scream, and shrank back, exclaiming, "My dear Philip, what is the matter with your shirt?"

"The matter! Oh!" said he, coloring and laughing, "I remember now—I spilt a little ink over it this morning. It don't signify much."

"Do let me get you out another, dear!"

"No, no," said he, eagerly detaining her; "it isn't at all worth while. Do sit down, and be easy, my love!"

But Jane started away to carry her baby up to the nursery. Just as she reached the door, something jingled softly in the pocket of her little silk apron—she stopped in the passage.

"Oh, by the way, Philip, here is the key to your iron safe. I found it on the dining-room table this afternoon; and," she added, with an arch sparkle in her roguish eyes, "I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for giving my husband a lesson!"

She laid the key in his hand, and ran out of the room, as he recoiled involuntarily from the sound of his own pedantic words. As he contemplated the gleaming words of the little steel mischief-maker, in mingled delight and mortification, the echo of Jane's merry laughter on the stairs reached his ear like a chime of silver bells.

He laughed, too—he couldn't help it!

Mrs. Jane Walter was a discreet little female. She never alluded to the subject of keys again, and her husband was never after known to reproach her for carelessness.

## THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

BY H. P.

From the positiveness with which assertions relative to the great facts of the universe are often made by scientific men, one might suppose that nothing was so certain as science; and yet the teachings of science from year to year, upon many important subjects, seem to be continually changing. We learn one thing to-day, only to unlearn it a year hence; and seldom feel entirely confident upon any subject that science will not have a new and perhaps contradictory word upon it when next we question her votaries.

A recent instance of this uncertainty is in the matter of the gradual retarding of the earth's rotation upon its axis. The earth, as it has been told us again and again, has a Tidal Wave, which operates as a kind of a brake, and which ultimately must entirely arrest said motion. We had supposed that if anything was established, that Tidal Wave, and its inevitable effect, were established beyond all peradventure, and the sad result was to be to make this earth uninhabitable for man.

Our astronomical friends kindly put off the period of man's blotting out upon this planet for some millions of years, in order, probably, to allow time for the Stewarts, Astors and our other rich men to dispose of their large properties; but, as a direct consequence of that Tidal Wave, the end of this globe's rotations, and of its inhabitant, man, was sure to come.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the distinguished English astronomer, in his first series of lectures, recently delivered in New York, was as certain about that Tidal Wave as any of his predecessors. Slower and slower the earth was revolving with every year. The end of all things was, from this cause, slowly but certainly approaching.

But when Mr. Proctor was in the midst of his second course, new light dawned upon him, and he announced the whole thing as coolly as if we common mortals had no right to be at all indignant, or even surprised. He said:

"Since the former course of lectures I have heard news which will be gratifying to all those who may be terrified with the idea that in a few millions of years the earth will be a scene of death and desolation. Professor Newcombe tells me that recent observations on the moon, since 1803, show that the earth, instead of being retarded, is increasing the rapidity of her motion. *We thought the earth was losing in its rotation, but now we find it gaining!*"

That is cool, to say the least of it. After overwhelming us with that great fact of the Tidal Wave and its results through successive courses of lectures; not allowing the most sceptical of us to interpose the slightest objection, on penalty of being called a blockhead, or even perhaps an idiot, now coolly to turn around upon us with the announcement that there is no great Tidal Wave, or, if there be, that it does not answer as a brake to any appreciable extent.

Why, as it seems now, and if there really be any Tidal Wave at all, that Tidal Wave, instead of being something to dread and denounce, may really be as benificent in its action as the drag on a Conestoga wagon when going down a steep hill. We have been taught to hate the Tidal Wave for years and years, and all the time, as Professor Proctor would now teach, we ought to have been blessing it as one of our best friends. Even in spite of it, the earth is *increasing* its rate of velocity.

What is to be the consequence of this increase the learned Professor does not inform us. He does not seem quite to have made up his mind whether good or evil is to be the result. Is it to be Paradise or Purgatory? If the retardation was Purgatory, why not the acceleration be the Millennium and Paradise? That would be a considerable difference to result from a slight error in the calculations of our scientific Solons.

One thing in this connection strikes us as rather curious. Professor Newcombe who has found out that all the rest of the astronomers are wrong, and whose conclusions his learned brother Proctor accepts so implicitly, has been making his observations since 1863. How is it that Professor Proctor has just heard of them? We should have thought that such an overturning as to the theory of the Tidal Wave, would have attracted attention at once, and been noised around in the scientific world as soon as surmised on any reasonable degree of evidence.

Professor Proctor, of course, is just as ready with his explanations now as to why the earth is moving more rapidly, as he was before as to why it was moving more slowly. But why should he be right now, if wrong then? For one, we do not believe that the earth is (as he says) contracting and growing smaller. We have believed for many years, that it was growing larger, which is the natural way for things to grow. Besides, we pinned our faith so long to that Great Tidal Wave and its retarding influence, that in wrenching that away, the Professor has torn a considerable portion of our faith with it. He may make light of the subject, and treat it as a small matter, but we think there are a good many like ourselves, who will not forget for many years the sad and important end of that Great Tidal Wave.

## THEY SAY.

BY SWEETBRIER.

I wonder if the census papers collectors for the year 1870 succeeded in obtaining any reliable information concerning that familiar social demon, "They Say?"

What a queer, mysterious fellow he is. Everybody seems to know him; and the utmost confidence is reposed in him by all classes of people, none of whom hesitate to repeat the most improbable stories with only *his name* to guarantee the truth of the statement. There does not, probably, exist a man or woman who has not at some period in his or her life got into trouble by repeating the remarks of "They Say." Yet very few seem to have learned wisdom from an experience of this kind.

"They Say" has a very peculiar family, consisting of his wife, better known as "Madame Rumor," a very peculiar old lady, who is for ever getting somebody into a scrape, but always manages to keep out herself. Their eldest son, "Scandal," was married to the Widow Grundy, many years since, and they do an immense business in news-peddling, and the manufacture of goods which bear the peculiar trade-marks of "Scandal" and "They Say" combined.

Then there is "Miss Gossip," the daughter, an idle, lazy, shiftless creature, who never means any harm, but somehow manages to do a vast amount of mischief without meaning it. And the several younger members of the circle are mostly engaged in attending to the domestic affairs of their own family (after they have accomplished their daily task of picking up items of interest to be manufactured into first-class retail articles bearing the trade-mark of the firm).

This is no shaky concern, but a first-class firm, which nobody is afraid to trust, and their paper is never seen waiting to be endorsed. Gentlemen in broadcloth and ladies in silk or satin exchange the small coin of this wealthy family, and among the lower orders, anything passes current if it is endorsed by "They Say."

Yet, in spite of the universal popularity of this most wonderful person, nobody knows where he resides, or whether he is taxed for the full amount he is worth, or, in fact, *anything* about him beyond the fact that a whisper of his is enough to make bankrupt the most solid reputation; and so firm is the general belief in his integrity, that no person ever hinted at having him arrested for defamation of character, although he sometimes tells awful things, and everybody seems willing to repeat it. However, I doubt the ability of any person or persons to arrest him, for he is never to be found where he is wanted; and that is the reason of my asking whether the census collectors had returned anything reliable in reference to him or his family?

## GONE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

It is a summer day, and sunshine is over the earth. Flitting like a bee amid sweet blossoms is a child, who sighs for no better roof than the soft blue arch of the sky; no softer carpet than the green sod where the violets grow; no wider street than the path by the brook, bordered by willows; no more brilliant light than the mellow shine of the sun, falling down in little chinks through the leafy trees; no softer bed than the banks where the wild blue-bells grow; no loftier ladder to fame than some tall old tree, where she can climb half-way to cloud-land, share their throne with the birds, and listen to the songs that float through the topmost boughs of the trees, and over them, never envying the sweet singers, though the song is remembered a lifetime.

* * * * *

A winter evening, and the red firelight flickering between the half-burned logs, now bursting forth as if for a grand illumination, as some tender thought or vague fancy of the old poet, makes the red flush grow warmer on the maiden's cheek, and the light shine brighter in her clear eyes.

Her wealth of hair—such golden brown as poets love to sing of—is lying loose over her fair shoulders, and her slender brown hands are interlocked above her brow. Her mouth, with its sweet, pliant lips, half-parted as she reads, tells in advance the story of a life shaped and colored by external circumstances, more than by any internal feeling.

There are no curtains to shut out the night save those soft fancies which the dead poet's hands have dropped about her; no carpet on the bare floor save as a dead poet's hands long ago wove from the meadow grass, yet it is soft with the velvet petals of the roses he used to love; sweet with the scent of lilies no fairer in those gone-by days than the pure, childlike face bending over them.

The house itself is in an old-fashioned town, with narrow streets, sunlighted only at noon, and there never comes a scent of blossoms from the mournful little garden behind the house; yet, in the summer time, the little maiden who lies dreaming before the fire, has walked there, and seen blue-bells lift their timid heads in the borders, and roses blush by the brown, crumbling walls, though her fingers never stirred to pick them any more than now, while she reads of

"A little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding!"

* * * * *

The window of an old nursery, where there has been no sound of a child's voice for half a score of years, the window itself half overgrown with vines of some happier years planting; thin and withered vines that cling to the rusty nails only to fall away at a little snatch of wind.

Just inside the window a high-backed chair, placed so that the invalid may get a glimpse of the sunshine, vouchsafed occasionally by the sullen clouds; and the woman's face reminds one strangely of the youthful face bending over a book in the firelight. Sometimes, even when sleep has bound her senses, there floats over her face the shadow of a smile, such as used to shine on the face of the cottage-child.

But the joy and beauty of life—where are they now? The careless innocence; the bright imagination, which made fair pictures on the gloomiest walls, and saw flowers in the mournful little garden where no flowers grew. Where are these?

Alas, that sad meaning to one little word, which we have all learned by heart!

Gone is the heyday of youth, with the sight and sound of pleasures that were so alluring.

## A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR.

BY M. E. J.

Sitting quietly at my desk this calm evening, the wind hushed outside, and the sound of conversation unheard in the house, how can I believe that in spite of all this silence I am not at rest? Is it true, as I have been told it is, that while I sit in my arm-chair, I am at the same time traveling more swiftly than the swiftest railway trains were ever driven, or the swiftest bird can fly? If so, then in what carriage am I drawn, and where is the steed which draws it? You and I are traveling more rapidly than the swiftest antelope can run. The world itself is our carriage, and the power which drives it is the force which the Supreme Being, who made the world and us, has brought to bear upon it.

Look at the sun in the early morning. It is seen in the eastern sky, just rising over the hills or the tree-tops. Higher and higher it climbs, until noon; and then lower and lower it sinks, until it goes out of sight beyond the western hills. Men once thought that the sun did thus travel every day from east to west. We are not to trust the appearance; it tells us false. It is not the motion of the sun over our heads; it is the motion of the earth itself, which makes the sun appear to rise in the east. Every day the earth turns around and carries us and all its other burdens of hills and forests and rocks and seas with it. Just as, riding riding swiftly in a railway carriage, we sometimes, for the moment, think the trees and houses, rocks and fences to be hurrying past us in the opposite direction; so the world, carrying us swiftly onward from west to east, has made it appear that the sun and moon and stars were traveling from east to west.

But who can tell how fast the earth is moving on its axis? Why, any boy or girl who has studied arithmetic can tell. For the earth is 25,000 miles in circumference, and turns once round in exactly twenty-four hours. Now, divide 25,000 by 24, one hour. And I find it to be a little more than *one thousand*. So while you and I are sitting by our evening lamps, quietly reading or writing, we are being whirled along our journey, never stopping, and at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour.

## NEWS OF INTEREST

THE last freak of fashion that has invaded France is a passion for everything English, including the names of children, cooking, and millinery.

A YOUNG lady in Ohio was so moved by a sermon that in the midst of the congregation she took out her earrings and stripped the flowers from her bonnet.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has begun to be made a grandfather-in-law. In a few years it will be necessary to calculate the Prophet's family connections by geometric progression.

A BRITISH engineer proposes to construct an aqueduct from Brighton to London, a distance of forty-seven miles, with a view of supplying the city with salt-water baths.

IN Sweden, out of 385,000 children of school age, only 9,131, or three per cent., are uninstructed. Of the 7,500,000 voters in the United States, more than 1,000,000 cannot read.

AN achievement of telegraphic science in China lately is a method by which messages may be sent not only in the Chinese language, but printed in its intricate characters.

LONDON is literally built on a foundation of pipes. In some places it would be difficult to find room to lay another pipe. One gas company supplies two districts with nearly four hundred miles of pipes. Then there are the underground telegraph pipes, and 2,500 miles of drain-pipes, the lead and iron pneumatic tubes, the sewers, the water-pipes, and the underground railway.

AT Elcho, Nev., there are hot springs in which numbers of fish can be seen swimming about, though the water is so hot that eggs are cooked "in less than three seconds." The explanation of this phenomenon lies in the fact that these hot springs rise in the banks of the streams, the water of which is intensely cold. The cold water, on account of its greater specific gravity, runs on the bottom without mixing much with the water above, and the fish keep in a cool stream.

AFTERNOON tea, served *a la Russe*, are the fashion abroad, according to the Court Journal, but they have no affinity to dinners *a la Russe*. The special feature is the substitution of slices of lemon for cream in the tea. On the tea tray is served a small glass dish containing sliced lemon, cut with the rind on it. Into the cup is dropped, first, a diminutive bit of sugar—moderation in this is essential, or the flavor of the lemon is destroyed; on the sugar is then deposited a slice of lemon, on which the tea is poured.

AN historical curiosity has just been placed in the museum of the invalides, the suit of armor which Charles VII presented to Joan of Arc, and which the heroine went to deposit at St. Denis after having been wounded under the walls of Paris. It is composed of steel plates, weighs about fifty pounds, and in every respect resembles the one in the Pierrefonds collection, which the Maid of Orleans wore at the moment when she fell into the power of the enemy in making a sortie from Compiegne.

THE predilection for the study of theology, which the Scotch are said to possess, seems not to be the monopoly of the sterner sex. We hear that upwards of two hundred ladies attended Professor Macgregor's opening lecture, at Edinburgh, most of whom enrolled themselves as members of the new Theological Class. Also, that about one hundred and fifty ladies attended regularly the Class of Biblical Criticism, conducted by Professor Charteris, the first session of which was recently closed.

DENMARK appears to be ready at any moment to supply a king or queen for any other country. One of the daughters of the royal Danish house, is the Princess of Wales, whose husband will one day be King of England, providing Bradlaugh and Sir Charles W. Dilke, and other Republicans, do not in the meantime upset the monarchical system. Another daughter is married to the eldest son of the Russian Czar, and still another, it is announced, will shortly be married to the heir apparent to the throne of Holland. One of the sons is now King of Greece, and another will naturally become King of Denmark, on the death of his father, the present king.

A WRITER on Chinese life says: "At Macan, on the ground floor, a large table was spread for a late dinner. It was covered with many delicacies, and, as usual, there was an abundance of silver plate. The sun had gone down, the wax candles were lighted, the windows left open for the benefit of the evening breeze. Suddenly a great number of bamboos were seen to enter on all sides from the verandas; at the same moment every candle was extinguished by a puff from the bamboo hollow tubes. The apartment was involved in darkness, a band of thieves jumped in, and before the astonished guests knew where they were or what was doing, the whole of the plate was conveyed away, a boat having no doubt been provided for the transport of the spoil either to a neighboring island or to the mainland of China.

OUR WEIGHTS.—Under this head the London Medical Record says: "Upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than six and a half pounds. For the first nine years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that time males acquire a decided preponderance. Thus, young men of twenty average about 143 pounds each, while the young women of twenty average 120 pounds. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they average about 152 pounds, but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is about 128 pounds. Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Men range from 108 pounds to 220 pounds, and women from 88 pounds to 207 pounds."

THE British government has introduced an important bill in the Commons, which if adopted as it is likely to be, will make a radical change in the traverse jury system. In the first place it is proposed to discard the old idea of requiring unanimity in the rendering of a verdict. The full number of twelve jurymen will still be retained for the trial of criminal cases, but in *nisi prius* cases the number fixed upon is seven, with the provision that it may be increased to twelve on application of either of the parties. A valuable provision is that one which will make it possible for a trial to continue in the event of the death of one or more jurors. Nine out of twelve, or five out of seven jurors, according as the jury consists of one or the other number, will have the power to render a verdict in case of the absence or death of their remaining colleagues. The custom of locking a criminal jury up all night when the Court adjourns is to be modified by giving the judge an option in the premises. This amendment will undoubtedly be a great improvement, and has long been advocated in this country.

## SPRING FLOWERS.

BY S. P.

With what a thrill of rapturous delight
My spirit bounds to greet your coming train,
By soft airs summoned from the long, dark night,
To wreathe with garlands Winter's lingering chain,
Unconscious that his stern, remorseless hand
May yet be stretched to crush your infant band.

Thoughts of your beauty come with misty days
Of warmth and sunlight, cheering earth and air,
With warbling echoes through the golden haze,
That tell of bird-rejoicings everywhere;
In woods, where leaves are bursting, swells the song,
And music wanders with the rills along.

Sweet images return, still brightly kept
Within the treasure-caves of thought's domain;
Beautiful shapes, through Winter's night that slept,
Come thronging on my pleasure-mildered brain,
And Fancy from her airy realm doth spring
To greet them back with fondest welcoming.

The wood-haunts, sought at morning's earliest light,
The stream that o'er its pebbles danced away,
The lovely flowers that made the pathway bright,
Are present all as things of yesterday,
And memory gladly kindles to renew
The sense of joys so innocent and true.

How vividly can thought the hours recall
That passed in wandering through the breezy woods,
The mellow sunlight smiling over all,
And sending gladness through the solitudes;
When happy voices woke the echoes round,
And airy footsteps trod the blossomed ground.

The first wild flower that lifts its fearless head,
In trusting innocence, from earth's dark bosom,
Midst autumn leaves that rustle to the tread,
Upsoaring fair and frail its tender blossom,
Is greeted as the human flower that comes
To bless with strange new joy our wasting homes.

Oh, spring-flower of my life, so brightly springing,
A wondrous smile of God upon our path,
So early gathered by the reaper, bringing
Earth's dearest home in mercy, not in wrath;
Surely the Love that gave will yet restore,
Sweeter and fairer, mine forevermore!

# Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

A STRANGE STORY.

The time is out of joint. Oh, cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!
—*Shakespeare.*

Ernest Dormer was inclined to be of his friend's opinion that prosperity had been too much for Jasper Onslow's wife, and that her brain was turned. The remembrance of her wild, haggard face, and mournful-looking eyes, haunted him as he went back to town with strange pertinacity.

"What has she been doing to herself," he thought, "to make her look like that? Has Onslow taken to ill-treating her, I wonder? or have they some secret on their minds? I think Winstanley was right, and she has gone mad."

He did not think her mad the next time he saw her, calm, self-possessed, and able to hold her own among the best and bravest in London society; but we must leave Muriel Onslow for a while, and anticipate a few months to show the end of Ernest Dormer's search after the antecedents of the man named Ralph Rutherford. Further inquiries only elicited the reiteration of the information from the doctor of the asylum that the patient, Henry Maynard, was dead. He had never been known by any other name there, nor anywhere else that he knew, and his friends had paid regularly for his safe keeping.

The doctor was a well known man; the asylum, though a private one, well known also. There was no gainsaying the fact of the certificate, and there the matter ended for the present.

But Mr. Dormer was not satisfied. Somehow, the mention of the man's name in the grateful letter of Mr. Amphlett Selwyn had roused a strange desire to fathom the mystery that seemed to surround the missing man.

"I'll write to Australia," he thought; "and yet, perhaps, this man, who advertises for the woman, if he is what Amphlett describes, won't tell me anything. Private inquiry people are queer folks to deal with. I have it! I'll try Jack Sloper."

Jack Sloper was an old acquaintance of his, with whom he had been very intimate; but Jack had gone to the bad, run through everything, and finally, having no means of living in England, had gone off to the gold diggings, where he signally failed as a digger, and came very near starving in the midst of heaps of gold.

But he had an Englishman's pluck and endurance, and he weathered the storm, and found that there were other ways even there of earning gold than digging. He set up a store, and in a very few months he had made as much money as most of the diggers around him.

At the time when his old friend bethought him of asking his help his store had grown into a monster wooden building, looking like a compact little village of huts; and was hotel, boarding house, and shop all in one. "Sloper's" was talked of in the colony as a place where some of the decencies of life were preserved, where sheets and table cloths were not identical articles, and where soup plates and wash-hand basins had their separate uses. Its proprietor was looked upon as a man of very "finicking" ways, but he was liked, and was making money by the heap. The name of the place was "Smasher's Gully," and of its precise locality Ernest Dormer had but very vague ideas. However he indited a letter to his friend.

"Amphytrion Club, Pall Mall,
"January 10, 18—

"DEAR JACK—Is your gully with the respectable sounding name anywhere near Melbourne? I mean near enough for you to go there with tolerable ease? Maps tell me nothing—your village, or city, or encampment, or whatever it may be, isn't important enough to be put down. I want you to do something for me, which for many reasons I cannot do myself. A little while ago I saw an advertisement, cut from a Melbourne paper, concerning a certain Teresa Sclavoni. I enclose a copy of it, and what I want you to do is to see the man who inserted it, and find out all you can about the woman. I know why she is advertised for, and as the man has told one person he may be as communicative to you. I want any information, however trivial, about the woman, Teresa Sclavoni, or the man, Ralph Rutherford, or the name of any one at Tampico, in Mexico, who would be likely to know anything about them. I enclose a cheque for £50 in case the journey should be an expensive one. Help me in this matter, old fellow, if you can. I have painful reasons for wanting the information, I assure you. Suppose you are broiling in tropical heat out yonder; my fingers are so cold, by a bright fire, too, that I can hardly hold my pen. Drop me a line to say if you can do what I want, and believe me, as ever, your old friend, ERNEST DORMER."

This letter, duly directed to John S. Sloper, Esq., Smasher's Gully, remained unanswered for three or four mails, during which time Ernest Dormer fretted and fumed after the fashion of impatient men. At length, one morning at the club the waiter handed him a foreign letter, which proved to be from his Australian friend.

"Sloper's Hotel, Smasher's Gully.
"March 27, 18—

"DEAR DORMER—You were right. We were broiling in tropical heat on the 10th of January. I wish you had been here to feel it. Your letter went astray for a few days. 'John S. Sloper, Esq.,' is not so well known here as 'Store Jack.' However, I've got it, have attended to it, and proceed to answer it. It was put into my hand just as I was starting to Melbourne—an odd coincidence, wasn't it—and I read it on the road.

"We are about twenty-five miles from that mighty city at the gully, so the journey isn't a tremendous one. Hang your cheque! Don't you think an old friend can serve you without being paid for it? I shan't send it back, for I've converted it into the handsomest and rarest fur rug that can be bought, which I shall ship off to you next mail, together with a few trifles for your acceptance, of my own selecting. But that's not business either, is it? I have found out all there is to be told concerning Teresa Sclavoni, and I'll proceed to set it down in due order from the notes I made.

"I went to the office of Messrs. Starling, Luker and Shipton, in Victory street—a rather shady place by the by—and found out that the second partner, Luker, is the man who has advertised for the woman Sclavoni. He is a flashy-looking customer, and not at all particular how he gets his money, so he does get it. I approached him with caution, for I soon perceived I had a sharp man to deal with, and set myself to find out his special weakness—for every man has one, you know. Mr. Luker's two weaknesses are good dinners and flattery, both of which I have judiciously administered.—Teresa Sclavoni is wanted on a charge of murder, and the story thereof is this:—

"Ralph Rutherford is, or was, a sailor, who in the year 18— took up his residence at Tampico, in Mexico. From thence he made frequent journeys by sea and land, and from one of the former he returned, bringing with him a very beautiful girl in the costume of a Mexican peasant, to whom he was married by a Catholic priest in one of the churches of the town. The union was not a happy one, the lady's temper being unequal, and her conduct such as to cause frequent fits of jealousy on her husband's part. They had one child, a boy, and when the infant was only a few months old a terrible *emeute* and scandal occurred, which led to the breaking up of their home and the flight of both parties. The wife left her husband with a young Greek, the son of a wealthy merchant of Havannah, who was conducting a branch of his father's business in Tampico. The guilty pair fled to the gentleman's country seat, some twenty miles from the town, the forsaken husband remaining where he was, brooding over his wrongs, but caring well for the welfare of his child. The *liaison* only lasted a very short time. The Greek was found dead in his bed one morning, stabbed to the heart with a long, slender dagger, and Ralph Rutherford and the child had disappeared from Tampico. He was sought far and wide, for, of course, suspicion fell on him as the guilty party, and he had been seen in the neighborhood of the house that same afternoon.

"He had succeeded in making his escape, and from that time nothing has been seen or heard of him in Mexico. Teresa Sclavoni exhibited great grief for the loss of her lover; but before the corpse was buried she also disappeared, leaving no trace behind her by which she could be traced. Even the clothes she wore had been abandoned, and of the valuable presents she had received from her infatuated admirer but one was missing—rather a curious cross of gold, with long carbuncles set in it, the end stones being edged with small diamonds of great purity. On the carbuncles was a minute figure of the Saviour in white enamel."

"Are you ill, sir?" asked a voice at Ernest Dormer's elbow just as he got to this point in the letter; and looking up he saw one of the old *habitues* of the club regarding him over his newspaper with an expression of vague astonishment on his round face.

"I? No, thank you," he replied, absently. "I am quite well."

"I beg your pardon; you looked ill. Your face quite alarmed me."

"I am well, I assure you; thank you all the same."

And they each went on with their reading, the old gentleman casting furtive glances towards Ernest from time to time, as though by no means satisfied in his own mind yet.

Ernest sought for the place where he had left off, and went on with the letter.

"The affair died away, until, some little time back, circumstances came to light which plainly proved an *alibi* for the man Rutherford, and facts were discovered which tended to throw the guilt on the missing woman. It seems that there had been a quarrel that day, that she had been heard at high words with her paramour, who had, it appeared, found out something respecting her which she did not wish known, and had threatened to go somewhere and tell somebody what he had found out. This was overheard by a confidential servant of the Greek's, who had also possessed himself of the dagger with which his master was murdered. Of course, in England, or any well-regulated land, the police would have secured that; but in such wild places as Mexico justice is very laxly looked after. The servant and two others, by his account, can swear to the dagger as having been the property of Teresa Sclavoni. I cannot help thinking from various things that the man Luker in himself the servant of whom he speaks. There is a big reward being offered by the father of the murdered man for the discovery of his son's mistress, though I could not get from him what it was. He has sent the advertisement you saw to the English papers, and is spending a lot of money on the affair.

"That's the whole story from beginning to end—no, not quite. I didn't forget to ask what this redoubtable young woman was like, and I got a description of her that any one must recognise at once if they ever saw her. I saw a photograph, too; but Mexican photographs, some years old, and splotchy at the best, are not very faithful guides. Teresa Sclavoni, if she be in the land of the living, is *petite brune*, with large, melting eyes, and the fairest hair I ever saw upon a woman's head. It looked quite a defect in the picture, which was colored. I asked Luker if it were not overdrawn. He says 'No.' 'Then you knew her?' I asked. 'I have seen her,' was all he would reply; but I further learned that Teresa Sclavoni has a three-cornered scar on the back of her right shoulder, very deep and very red. If you chance to know the lady, all I can say is you know a precious bad lot, and the sooner you let Mr. Luker know her whereabouts the better for society.

"I got all this information gratis, as far as money was concerned. It cost me a good many fibs, a couple of greasy dinners in unpleasant society, and more brandy for Mr. Luker than I thought it possible one man could consume in six months. However, I've got it. Take it for what it is worth, my dear fellow, and if I haven't put a long enough row of stamps on this budget of news, pay my deficiencies like a man, and believe me as ever, though so many thousand miles of ocean roll between us, your faithful friend, "JACK SLOPER.

"Ernest Dormer, Esq.
"Amphytrion Club, Pall Mall, London."

"Waiter, you had better look after him," said the old gentleman, as Ernest, having locked the letter in his pocket book, arose to leave the room.

And the advice was by no means unnecessary, for Ernest, having hailed a passing hansom, would have fallen headlong down the Amphytrion steps had not the waiter caught him, and dragged him back insensible into the hall.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

SHADOWS.

What was there in its touch, that all
His fiery spirit shook? —*Hemans.*

It was with a feeling of pleasant anticipation that Muriel Onslow saw her husband start for France, when summoned to his cousin's deathbed. She knew nothing of the man who was dying, and the prospect of a few thousand pounds was very encouraging. It would enable Jasper to have a studio once more, and herself a comfortable home, where she might bring up her children in something like the style she herself had been accustomed to in her own childhood. It was not an ambitious looking forward, but it was a pleasant one—the prospect of an easier life for herself, of better dressing and better living, and of mixing with people more her equals than the worthy Limehouse folk, who were kind and genial 'til true, but most decidedly plebeian. She had almost forgotten the horror that had seized her on the day of Jabez Colliver's departure, and the episode of the torn coat which had so perplexed her. The old man had not returned, and she was beginning to be uneasy about him; but nothing else troubled her.

The torn coat had been rolled up and put into a chest, and one day during her husband's absence she came upon it in looking for something else. She took it out, thinking she would mend it against he came home.

"It will do nicely for him to paint in," she said, "when he gets a studio again. I wonder if I cut out one of the pockets if I could patch that tear," for she had had enough stuff to make pockets and all, and had used it for that purpose.

She put her hand into one to turn it inside out, and encountered something small and hard. She took it out and held it up to the light, only to sink on her knees with a faint cry of dismay. Her face was ashy white and her limbs trembled.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned, staring at the object with a fascinated gaze she could not take away. "Oh, Jasper! My husband, my darling, has it come to this?"

She rolled up the coat and thrust it from her into the bottom of the chest, heaping other things upon it, as though she was anxious to hide it from her sight. What she had found in the pocket she locked up in a small box, and locked the box in a drawer she kept for her own private uses.

Two hours later her landlady coming in found her sitting staring out into the darkness, for night had fallen in the interior, with her hands lying loose in her lap.

"Law, Mrs. Onslow, my dear," she said, in astonishment, "is anything the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, thank you. I was only thinking, that was all. The children are in bed, and I was feeling tired, I think."

She struck a light as she spoke, and the good woman recoiled in alarm at the sight of her pale face.

"There's a letter for you," she said. "It's just come—foreign, you see; ah, if you're lonesome and low-spirited that will cheer you up."

Muriel read the letter with a strange, heavy feeling on her, as though she were in a miserable dream. It was not long, but to the purpose.

"MY DEAREST MURIEL,—You see by the black border of this that all is over. My poor cousin died yesterday morning. As he told me, I am sole heir, with the exception of a few small legacies. I thought, as did the good priest, Father Lemaitre, who was his best friend, and was with him to the last, that the property named in the will was all he had to leave. We were very much mistaken, Muriel. In searching through the house we found in a box of clothes by the bedside what will make us wealthy for life. I can hardly count my possessions; there is more by ten thousand times than I ever dreamed of possessing. If wealth can make us happy we shall be the happiest people in the world. In a week at latest I hope to be home; meantime, I enclose a cheque for your necessary expenses. Kiss the babies for me, and think that I am wafting a kiss to you with this letter, which I will follow as soon as I can. Your loving husband,
"JASPER ONSLOW."

Muriel threw the cheque from her as though it had burnt her fingers, and crushed the letter in her hand.

The landlady was right in thinking she was ill, for presently, being startled by the noise of a fall, she ran up to find her lodger insensible on the floor.

She got her to bed and tended her through the night, for Muriel was rather light-headed and talked wildly, calling on her husband in a piteous manner, that went to the good woman's heart.

She wanted to fetch a doctor, but her lodger would not hear of it, and indeed, towards morning Muriel got better, and seemed more like herself.

"It was nothing," she said. "She was a little over-tired, that was all," and she thanked her landlady, and went about as usual, though looking, as that worthy declared, "like death."

"She's never been the same since that night," she said to her husband. "I wonder what's come over her."

Muriel Onslow would never be quite the same again. There was a set, resolute look upon her face, hardened lines about the mouth, and an expression of haunting horror in her eyes that told of some terrible struggle going on within.

And so the days passed on, and Jasper Onslow came home, a different man in outward seeming from what he had been when he went away. Elegantly dressed, with fashionably cut clothes and a handsome gold watch and chain and faultless gloves, he looked a gentleman once more, and a flush of excitement on his face hid the fact that his cheeks were worn and thin, and his eyes hollow and heavy.

"Where is Mrs. Onslow?" he asked the landlady, for no Muriel came running down to meet him, as was her wont. "Is she in?"

"Yes, sir; upstairs."

"She is not ill, is she?

"No, sir, not now. She has been a bit poorly, but she's better."

He sprang up stairs, thinking she must be ill in spite of the woman's words; but Muriel was standing in their little parlor, calm and still, the light of the lamp shining down upon her pale face, which was lit up by no smile of welcome.

"Why, Muriel, my darling," he said, "why did you not come down to meet me? You gave me quite a fright. I was afraid you were ill."

"No, I am not ill. Don't touch me, Jasper," for he was taking her in his arms to kiss her, and she pushed him away with a sick shiver.

"Not touch you, Muriel! What has happened? Have I offended you? What is the matter? Ah, I see—I can guess. The news has upset you a little, and you fancy this great fortune—for it is even greater than I told you—will change me towards my home and you. Is that it? You needn't fear it, my darling. I shall never change to you."

"I think the love of money has changed you, Jasper."

"How, dear?"

"Come here, and I will show you."

She led him into the next room, past the sleeping children, whom he would have stopped and kissed.

"They will keep," she said, almost bitterly. "You can kiss them by and by if you are in the humor."

It seemed to him that she must be taking leave of her senses, she seemed so strange.

"I cannot understand you, Muriel," he said. "I thought I should find you elated at our good fortune, proud of the position that you will grace so well, thankful for the bright future for our children; and instead of this, I find you sullen and morose, unkind to me, who have never offended you in word or deed that I know of."

"I am neither sullen nor morose, Jasper; I am frightened."

"Frightened!"

"Yes."

"At what?"

"At the future. Here is the reason why I am neither proud, thankful, nor elated—why I would not let your lips touch mine in greeting just now. Can you understand my fears now?"

She placed something in his hand which she had taken from a locked drawer, and as the light she held shone on it he recoiled from it with an exclamation of horror that was almost a scream of agony, and let it fall on the floor.

"Where did you get it?" he asked, after a pause, during which he had sunk into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"It was in the pocket of your coat—the one with the torn sleeve."

"I didn't know it was there," he faltered. "I thought I had dropped it yonder. What are you going to do, Muriel?"

"What am *I* going to do?"

"Yes."

"Lock it up," she replied; "hide it—bury the secret of its existence in my heart. I can suffer no more than I have suffered in these past two days. They have been an eternity of torture to me, Jasper."

"I know, I understand, my poor Muriel. There is to be a secret between us?"

"It is your secret, which I will guard with my life, if the weight of it leaves me my life to guard it with. It will kill me, or drive me mad; and if I go mad you must kill me lest I speak. Promise me you will."

"Don't talk so, Muriel," he said, gently. "You will forget all this when we have begun a new life far away from this place, and all things connected with it. When shall we go?"

"When you will—this very hour if you like; the sooner the better."

"Nay, love; to go so soon would be to set people's tongues going. We must make all the necessary arrangements without calling any attention to our proceedings. You can go with the children if you like to a lodging in London, while I do all that is necessary here."

"No; I cannot go without you, Jasper. I dare not!"

"Dare not?"

"No. I should fancy that some harm had come to you; that the end had come, Jasper."

"Nonsense, Muriel; there will be no end such as you imagine. I am very sorry that you found what you did. I meant to keep the secret to myself; but what is done is done, and we must make the best of it."

"Yes, what is done is done," she said; "and nothing can undo it. Don't let us talk about it, Jasper; let us bear the burden in silence."

She would not refer to it again, and thus they began their new life of wealth with a shadow between them—a line of division which neither could overstep.

Muriel loved her husband passionately. She would have laid down her life for him, unflinchingly; but she shrank from his caresses from the night of his return, and would give him no token of endearment, though his face grew wan and pale, and his eye lustreless with some secret suffering.

Their preparations for quitting Limehouse were soon made. Jasper went to the firm who had been his father's solicitors in bygone days, and placed his affairs in their hands. It was through them that the house in Park-lane was taken, and all the other preparations made for the commencement of the career of the Onslows in London.

They wondered not a little at the apathy displayed by the wife of their client about her new splendors. She acquiesced without a word in everything her husband proposed—the furniture of her rooms, her jewels, her very dresses even, were chosen by Jasper, and she made no sign either of satisfaction or dissent. She seemed to be simply accepting a destiny which had no personal interest for her whatever.

With regard to the old Manor, Jasper Onslow retained possession of it in the name of Jabez Colliver, but he shut it up and took away the keys.

"It would be useless putting any one in to take charge of the business," he said. "I do not know enough of it to teach any one, and if I did, I would not be troubled with it. When Mr. Colliver returns, he will, of course, come at once to me."

To the Rev. Joseph Lemaitre he had already given a handsome sum of money for his poor; but after his return to England he sent him a bank note for fifty pounds, begging him to purchase some little remembrance of his dead cousin and himself with it. Everybody in Limehouse that had been kind to himself or his wife was liberally remembered, and in a fortnight from the time of his return from France, Jasper Onslow and his family had migrated to a West-end Hotel, pending the finishing of the Park-lane mansion.

It was astonishing how many people found out they knew Jabez Colliver's assistant, and came to wonder at his wealth and his wife's proud beauty now that his name was mentioned in the list of fashionable arrivals—how many great ladies of scanty means were anxious to have the honor of piloting Muriel through the difficult ways of fashionable life, and using her carriages and horses for their own glorification.

But neither Muriel nor her husband received these advances with much responsive fervour. They seemed inclined to make no friendships, but to go their own way as much alone as society would let them.

### CHAPTER XXX.

MET AGAIN.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant—
Let the dead past bury its dead.
—*Longfellow.*

One of the first callers on the Onslows in their new circumstances was Ernest Dormer. He went the very day after he had read the notice in the newspapers to his cousin, curious to see how they bore their sudden rise in the world. He was very courteously received, but with none of the effusion which used to mark Muriel's greeting. She was reserved and quiet, with seemingly no interest in anything—not even her children. Jasper was not in when he first went, and he asked to see the little ones, by way of saying something.

Muriel rang the bell, no flush of pleasure mantling her cheek, and a servant entered.

"Request the nurse to bring Master Onslow and the baby," she said in the same chill, passionless voice. "Tell her a gentleman wishes to see them."

The children were brought—a little boy in a velvet frock trimmed with costly lace, the infant a crowing vision of fine cambric and white ribbons; and Ernest patted and admired them, and feed the curtseying nurse, and still no signs of interest or happiness lit up the mother's face.

"They are looking very well," he said, when they had left the room again.

"Yes, they are very well," she replied.

"Are you not glad of this happy change, for their sakes, Mrs. Onslow?"

"Happy change?"

"Happy, I hope, to all of you, especially for them. It ensures a brighter future for them, an easier one for you. I wish I could tell you how sincerely I congratulate you on your good fortune."

"Don't!" she said sharply and suddenly; "don't talk like that!"

He was amazed and disturbed at the sick change that came over her face.

"You are ill, Mrs. Onslow," he said gently.

"No, I am quite well," she replied, in the same sharp, hard manner; "but don't talk to me that way—it wearies me."

"Already?"

"Yes. From the very first hour of what people call our good fortune I have been weary of my future and my children's future, and the benefits that will come to them from this money. Benefits! I would rather toil to keep them with the labor of my hands, work night and day to put bread into their innocent mouths, than see them inherit a penny of their father's wealth!"

"My dear Mrs. Onslow, is it such a weight on your spirits as that?"

"Weight!" she said, wildly. "It crushes me down—down! I feel as though I should go mad. Ah, don't heed me, Mr. Dormer. I have not been well since we left Limehouse. I think the excitement has made me feverish."

"I think it has, Muriel," said the voice of Jasper in the doorway. "Don't it strike you you have been talking nonsense, my dear?"

"I daresay I have," she answered. "I forget myself sometimes."

"You do strangely. Mr. Dormer, let me apologize for her, and say how glad we are to see you."

Ernest thanked him and returned his greeting, but he could not help remarking how thin the hand was that took his with such a light, cold clasp, nor how the color came and went in the hollow cheeks of Muriel's husband.

"He is ill, and she is anxious," he thought to himself; "that must be it. There is something serious the matter with him, and she knows it."

Jasper Onslow gave him a pressing invitation to visit them at any time—to consider himself, in short, *en famille* at their new mansion.

"It will be finished very soon," he said, "and you are one of the very few I shall always be glad to see. We mean to keep a hospitable house and see plenty of company—don't we, wife?"

"Yes; 'the more the merrier,'" she said, without a trace of animation. "That is what the proverb says, is it not, Mr. Dormer? We mean to be very gay and very merry. Will you come and help us in that laudable project?"

"I will do what I can," he said, with a laugh, which provoked no response from either husband or wife, and then he went his way, not a little puzzled at the altered demeanor of both.

"They are overweighted with money and good fortune," he said to himself. "I wish the kind fates would overload me in the same way—I wouldn't break down under it."

He had gone to the hotel fully intending to tell Muriel of his cousin's intention to march side by side with her through the campaign of the coming season; but Muriel's strange words and Jasper's stiffness put it completely out of his head.

"I'll let them find it out for themselves," he said as he went home. "They don't seem as though they would care if anybody outshone them; and as for Doris—well, I don't think even Doris Carlyon will care to waste her wiles on Jasper Onslow as he appears now. Wealth hasn't brought them happiness—that's very plain to be seen."

The next time he saw Doris she interrogated him eagerly about the manner and appearance of the new comers into the world of fashion.

"There is nothing to tell," he replied. "Mrs. Onslow was beautifully dressed, with exquisite taste, and looked superb. Mr. Onslow gave me a very pressing invitation, and was very polite and gentlemanly."

"And they didn't brag of their wealth? I should have thought she would."

"Mrs. Onslow is a *lady*, Doris, and looks and speaks like one."

"Oh, I beg pardon, I'm sure. I shall cultivate this lady, Ernest. I mean to be very intimate with Mrs. Onslow."

"Heaven help her!" inwardly ejaculated Ernest. "But I shall do no good by interfering. They must fight out their own quarrel. I think Mrs. Onslow is a match for my fiery cousin. We shall see."

Their new house was a splendid mansion, but somewhat fallen into decay. It had belonged to a duke, who had let other establishments—equine and feminine—at various places interfere with the proper keeping up of his legal and orthodox home, and who left his duchess and her daughters a prey to debts and duns—well-nigh penniless in their splendor, while he enjoyed himself in the society of some golden-haired Helen or Mabel, whose well-appointed equipage had cost him three times the price of the dingy home chariot, and whose gems and adornments outshone those of every honest woman in London.

These are pleasures that will not last, and after an angry fight with the Jews, and a public scandal from which even the strawberry leaves could not save him, the duke and his family took flight to the Continent, and the "splendid palatial mansion" in Park-lane was to let.

Muriel Onslow was very much against the purchase of the lease of the dingy palace, which sorely needed the decorator's art; but Jasper seemed determined to make as great a display as could be made with his newly acquired money, and would listen to no suggestions from his wife.

"Too large!" he said; "nonsense! All the more room for company; and I mean to keep plenty of company, I can tell you. You won't find it too large when it's finished, Muriel, though it does look such a wilderness just now."

Muriel said no more, though in her heart she would rather have gone by herself with her children to some quiet country nook far away from the bustle of the busy world, and all the whirl of excitement with which Jasper was surrounding himself.

Two or three times she begged to be allowed to go away while the preparations were being made for their *entree* into fashionable life; but was only met by a sharp rebuke.

"Nonsense, Muriel! Why should you make yourself conspicuous? Everybody is talking about us and watching us now. If you were to go away now you would be set down for a weak-minded fool, for whom the sudden accession to wealth had been too much—a woman whose weak head could not bear being suddenly raised from poverty to fortune."

"And so I am, Jasper—a very weak woman, with one dread upon me every moment of my life."

"Dread of what?"

"That I shall speak."

An expression of malignant fury passed over Jasper Onslow's face. Muriel's complaints of the past few days—or rather the silent protest of her sorrowful face against all his arrangements—had irritated him beyond endurance.

He expected to find her happy and elated, and ready to enter into all his plans for the future; instead of which she had been sullen, as he fancied, fretful, dissatisfied, and unhappy. For the first time he felt angry with her, and long before their new house was ready for them he had ceased to try and rouse her interest in anything pertaining to it.

Ernest Dormer came and went, and helped with his advice and practical knowledge of London tradesmen and their ways. He saved Muriel's boudoir from being made into a gorgeous Aladdin's cavern of yellow satin and gilding, and transformed it into a pretty room, all dainty-looking *cretonne* and delicate papering. Muriel said it was very pretty, and thanked him, but took no further notice. Yellow, blue, or green, it seemed all the same to her what color the furniture of her room might be.

"You are giving yourself a great deal of useless trouble, Doris," he said, when he turned his steps to the house his cousin was furnishing in Grosvenor Gardens. "Mrs. Onslow will not care enough for fashionable life to fight you even with your own weapons. She will struggle for no supremacy, you will see."

But Doris only shrugged her shoulders and went on with her preparations. One day in a shop in Regent-street she came suddenly face to face with Muriel Onslow. For a moment she hesitated, and then, holding out her hand, said, frankly—

"I am glad to meet you, Mrs. Onslow. I was very rude when we met last. I did not know——"

"That I was Jasper Onslow's wife? Of course not! How should you? You imagined I had forgotten his honor and my own. It was very natural. Pray do not apologize for it."

Doris was terribly discomfited at the cold, cutting tone in which Muriel spoke, and the icy glare of her eyes as she looked at her.

"I am very sorry for it," she said. "It was a mistake, of course."

"Of course it was," was the calm reply; "and as we shall be likely to meet in the future, would it not be as well to let the subject drop? Let the past be buried, if you please, Miss Carlyon. I have no wish to refer to it."

"I am glad you take it in that way," Doris said, and she held out her hand—which Muriel did not see, being intent upon some gloves—and as quickly withdrew it. "Your husband, Mrs. Onslow, I trust he is well?"

"Mr. Onslow is quite well, thank you."

Still the same studied coldness of voice and manner, and Doris felt that Muriel, as Ernest Dormer had told her, would be a match for her.

"She's not happy," she said to herself, as she noted the graceful sweep of the velvet dress, and the exquisite fit of the neutral tinted gloves. "What is the matter, I wonder. She's perfect in get up (I could strangle her for it, but she is), and that carriage is a gem; but there's a skeleton somewhere, I can see it in her face. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Onslow soon," she added aloud.

"We shall be happy to see you in Park-lane," Muriel replied, gravely.

She had no fear of Doris Carlyon now. Jasper had said he should not mind meeting her before this shadow rose up between them, and Doris could not torture him by means of her wealth and position now. With a kind inquiry after Mrs. Bellew she moved to her carriage, and Doris looked after her with evil eyes.

"I hate her," she muttered; "hate her as I never hated man or woman yet. I'll bring her to my feet as grand as she is. She shall sue to me for her husband's love as abjectly as ever condemned wretch sued for his life, and I will spurn her. Not a year shall pass over your head, Muriel Chisholm, before in all London there shall not be a more abjectly wretched woman than Jasper Onslow's wife."

She would not have changed places with Muriel now had she known how much of unhappiness went with her in her splendidly appointed equipage back to her hotel.

A month later and the Onslows' new mansion was open for the most splendid ball of the season, and Muriel stood by her husband's side to receive her guests. She had never told Jasper of her meeting with Doris; there were but few confidences between them now, and somehow she could not bring herself to speak of her. A countess had "taken her up," held out the right hand of fellowship to her, and introduced her to society. Society was pleased to be satisfied and receive her with much fervor.

Jasper was proud of her as she stood by his side in a violet velvet dress, with diamonds flashing on her neck and arms, and her golden hair adorned with twinkling stars. No such splendid woman was among the visitors, no one who could queen it with the same stately grace. He felt as though he were in a dream as one after another notabilities of every sort came up and were presented to Muriel. Names of men whom he knew as among the highest in the land sounded in his ears, and he saw Muriel's stately head bending in active salute to peers and peeresses as they passed before her.

Presently he waked from his semi-reverie with a shock that brought him back to himself in a moment. A little hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice unheard for a long time sounded in his ears.

"Have you quite forgotten me, Mr. Onslow?"

He was face to face with Doris Carlyon.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## KITTY CLOVER.

BY F. E. ROBERTSON.

William Ross sat in the parlor of his uncle's farm-house, lazily turning the leaves of a photograph-album.

"Who is this, Aunt Mary?" he asked.

"Oh, that's Kittiy Clover!"

"Kitty Clover?"

"Yes; or Kitty Armstead, rather—my niece. She spent a month here last summer, and your uncle David thought so much of her, that he asked for her picture. He always calls her Kitty Clover, because she thinks clover-blossoms are so pretty."

"Where does she live?"

"In London."

"Tell me about her, won't you?"

"She is my sister's youngest child, and her father is dead, her sisters are all married, and she lives alone with her mother."

"She is quite a belle, I suppose."

"Well, I hardly think so; she isn't rich enough for that."

"Is she poor, then?"

"No, not that exactly, either. Her father was a doctor, who died a few years ago, leaving a small property. Kitty and her mother have enough to keep a neat villa, and feed and clothe themselves comfortably. She is coming up again this summer, and I am very glad, for I know you will like each other, and it will be pleasant for both."

"How old is she?"

"Eighteen. Just the age for you. A man, with your wealth and position in society, ought to be married."

"The truth is, Aunt Mary, all the marriageable young ladies have turned fortune-hunters. If I could meet your niece without her knowing that I was rich, it would suit me well, for I like her face exceedingly."

"Now don't be ridiculous, William! Kitty might, with just as much propriety say that you would fall in love with her on account of her beauty and insist upon wearing a mask. You are not in search of a rich wife, for the very excellent reason that you are wealthy yourself. But the woman you marry must possess beauty, or its equivalent, and I think it is but fair that she should receive something in exchange."

"So you think I have nothing but wealth to recommend me, Aunt Mary?"

"Yes, I think you have an abundance of self-conceit."

"Now that is unkind. You are angry with me for suspecting your niece of mercenary motives. Do be a good, kind Aunt Mary, and help me in this."

"I cannot say that I approve of deception under any circumstances. Still, if you really desire it, you might pretend to be a distant cousin, assisting your uncle through the summer work, and treated as one of the family on account of the relationship."

"That is just the thing, for I am so brown already that I could easily pass for a farmer."

That very night Mrs. Ross received a letter from Kitty, saying that she would be there the next day; and William hastily prepared himself, and gave instructions to the servants.

So the next evening when his uncle David rode back from the village, with Kitty in the carriage, William was coming from the fields in a regular farmer's dress.

He was more than surprised at Kitty's beauty, even after having seen her photograph. Her bright, waving, golden hair; her fair complexion; and her brown, sparkling eyes that seemed overflowing with mischief, far exceeded in loveliness all he had imagined. But, unfortunately, Kitty's attention was directed to household affairs for the first few days, and she took little or no notice of him.

But one day she went out into the hay-field with her uncle, when William was on the mowing-machine. The horses were spirited, and coming suddenly to a hollow in the ground, he was thrown off the mower spraining his ankle slightly. This proved sufficiently painful to keep him in the house for the next few days, and Kitty and he became the best of friends. She read to him, talked and sang to him, and as they were both disposed to be argumentative, Aunt Mary was often amused by their discussions.

"How did you acquire such a finished education, and a thorough knowledge of books?" asked Kitty, one day.

"Ah, Miss Kitty, my father was once wealthy, and no pains were spared with my education."

"Why don't you use it to some better advantage?"

"Perhaps I may do so some day, though, to tell the truth, I believe I am rather indolent."

One morning, as soon as the dew was off the grass, Kitty ran out, and gathered flowers for the vases. She sat down in the parlor to arrange them. William watched her, thinking what a lovely picture she made in her white morning-dress, and her hair more like gold than ever. He asked for a nose-gay.

"Certainly," she said.

Taking a white rose, she surrounded it with forget-me-nots, added some sweet elysium, and laying fragrant geranium-leaves around the whole, she placed it in his hand.

"It is beautiful and sweet—it is like yourself!" he said, enthusiastically.

Kitty blushed hotly but made no reply.

"Let me see what messages they bring me," he said: "'I am worthy of you!' 'True love!' 'Worth beyond beauty!' and 'Preference!'"

"Ah, that is unfair! I selected the flowers for their beauty and fragrance, not for their meaning."

And Kitty's proud little lips curled; she tried to appear angry and disdainful, but she looked more perplexed than either: for the white lids with their golden fringes, drooped over her brown eyes, and her slender fingers fluttered nervously with the flowers in her lap. Hastily placing them in the vases, she escaped to her room, and did not make her appearance till dinner-time. William watched throughout the meal to catch her eye, and was at last rewarded with a timid, fluttering glance. He sent back such a look of entreaty mingled with penitence, that her cheeks grew very rosy, though she did not deign to notice him further.

She did not appear in the parlor after dinner, and he began to fear she was seriously offended.

"I wish, most ardently, that I had never assumed this silly disguise," he said. "It places me in a false position that is often uncomfortable; and I verily believe that this provoking sprain, which I thought might possibly excite her sympathy, has only caused me to appear more worthless and inactive in her eyes."

He heard her light step on the stairs, but she went directly out on the lawn. He called her and she came in, looking a little frightened.

"Miss Kitty, I see I have offended you. I did not mean it. Pray forgive me."

His tone was so humble that she gave him her hand in a pretty, graceful way. He took it in both his and kissed it repeatedly and passionately. She flushed angrily.

"I cannot help it!" he cried. "Oh, Kitty! I love you!"

"But I don't love you, sir!" she said, half vexed, half saucy.

"But you are not angry with me for loving you?"

"No. I want to be your friend, and I don't want you to make love to me."

"Please, don't leave me alone; my ankle is very painful—ain't you sorry?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Won't you read to me, then?" he asked.

"Certainly. What would you like?"

"The Princess."

"But I am tired of that," she exclaimed.

"I can never tire of it; but please yourself."

"I will read it to you," she rejoined.

She took the book and sat down, the blue and gold making her fair hand whiter by contrast. Her tones were silvery sweet, her face flushed softly as she read, and, at the last words of the Prince, her voice trembled slightly. She closed her eyes, and sat slowly rocking to and fro, her hair floating out in the sunshine that came through a western window.

He watched her, thinking how beautiful she was, and how he loved her, and yet he dared not speak after what had passed.

But a few evenings subsequently, his love proved stronger than his judgment, and as they sat in the twilight shadows, he told her that old, but bewitching story, and she grew paler as she listened, and for answer said, "William, William! you must not love me, for I cannot be your wife!"

"Kitty, do you refuse me because I am poor?"

"Oh, no! but you lack energy, ambition. If you were rich, there might be more excuse for your idleness; but a man with your health, education, and talents, should never settle down to a farmer's assistant."

"Aunt Mary has betrayed me."

"What?"

"Kitty," he said, springing up, "do you know who I am?"

"No; but I believe you are a lunatic."

"I am not; but I will acknowledge that I have been a fool, Kitty, my name is not Smith; I am William Ross!"

She started in surprise. But recovering herself in a moment, she said, rather coldly, "I thought Mr. William Ross was a wealthy stockbroker, residing in London."

"I am he."

"But why did you take the name of Smith?"

"I knew you were coming, and I thought——"

"Oh, I see! You thought I would fall in love with your money? That was extremely sagacious on your part."

"No matter what I thought. I am sorry that I assumed the disguise. I love you; how much words fail to tell. Oh, be mine, Kitty?"

As he spoke, he tried to take her hand but she drew back.

"No, sir," she said, "not after such deception. Mr. Ross, good-night."

William flew to Aunt Mary for comfort. She soothed him as best she could, assuring him that she believed Kitty did love him, and had only refused him because her pride was wounded. Still he spent a sleepless night. Kitty, too, looked pale at breakfast, William thought so, at least; and it gave him a forlorn hope. But she avoided him that day, and the day that followed. Yet she glided about the house as silently as a spirit with neither songs nor laughter on her lips. William watched her with an aching heart, thinking that he could almost give up the hope of winning her love, if it would make her the mirthful, happy Kitty once more.

"If I had only taken Aunt Mary's advice at first," he said. "I'm sure I don't blame the dear girl for refusing such a worthless mortal as I represented myself to be."

One afternoon he rode to the village for the letters. Kitty had been out for a short walk and came in, complaining of the headache.

"Lie down on the sofa, dear," cried Aunt Mary; "there is no one to disturb you, and perhaps you may fall asleep."

She brought a pillow, and Kitty laid her tired little head upon it, and as everything was quiet, she was soon away in the land of dreams.

Aunt Mary met William at the door on his return.

"Kitty is asleep in the parlor," she said; "go in, if you like, but don't disturb her."

So he went in softly, and drawing an ottoman near the sofa, he sat down beside her. She looked very lovely in her graceful slumber; attired in white, her forehead with a pale blue ribbon, and the tip of a tiny boot peeping out beneath her dress. Her fair hands lay lightly, "palm to palm;" but his heart reproached him when he saw how pale her face had grown. He dared not kiss her though the temptation was great, but took a curl of her hair softly in his hands, pressing it to his lips silently.

By-and-by she began to murmur in her sleep. William started when he heard his own name spoken, softly and lovingly. His heart gave a great bound of joy. But he was a man of honor, and remembered that he had no right to be there listening to the sleeper's murmurings. So he rose noiselessly to leave the room.

The movement, however, awoke her, at least partially. She looked up and met his eyes gazing fondly on her. She was still only half conscious, at least she had not yet had time to remember her pride; and she smiled in return and held out her hand.

William seized it, covered it with kisses, and fell on his knees beside her. The crimson blood rushed over the cheeks, the brow, even the fair neck of Kitty; for suddenly she recalled everything, especially her pride. But it was too late. William held fast to her hand.

"Don't be cruel again, darling," he began, in gentle, pleading tones.

Kitty burst into tears. But when he drew her head to his shoulder, she resisted no longer. She hid her face, but he kissed her hair.

"You love me, don't you, Kitty?" he whispered at last.

She looked up; their lips met; and Kitty was won.

## WORDS OF ADVICE.

Dr. Benjamin Rush says, "The duration of life does not appear to depend so much upon the strength of the body, or upon the quality of its excitability, as upon an exact accommodation of stimuli to each of them. A water spring will last as long as an anchor, provided the forces which are capable of destroying both are always in an exact ratio to their strength." This golden thought is commended to those who make no effort to control their temper. Every time you let your angry passions rise, you overtask or strain the forces so nicely organized to carry you far down the green slope of green old age. The violent and irregular action of the passion tends to wear away the spring of life.

## WHOM IS THE BABY LIKE?

Whom is the baby like? You or me?
Hardly as yet do her features show,
(Lying so helpless upon your knee,)
Whom she will be like when she shall grow.

Chubby and shapeless is baby now,
Dimpled and rosy and small and weak;
Blue as your own is her eye, but how—
How will her voice be when she shall speak?

I think she will be like her mother then,
Graceful and slender, with golden hair
Glistening brightly in sunlight when
She shall have grown, and tall and fair.

I think she will grow like her mother, dear,
Be like the maiden that won my heart;
Some day a stranger will gain her ear,
Wooing our pet with a lover's art.

She shall be ours for a few years, though,
Our little daughter shall linger here;
She will not leave us till she shall grow,
Till she shall be like her mother, dear.

I hope she will be like her mother, dear,
Then she will gladden her lover's life;
Be to some stranger as dear and near
As you have been to her father, my wife.

## PAUL HOLBROOK'S PROMISE.

BY FANNY SAVORY.

"If in all our lives you need me—if there should ever be anything that I can do for you—I swear to do it," said Paul Holbrook. "You can ask me nothing which, at any personal sacrifice, I will not endeavor to accomplish. I mean that when I say it. I beg of you to remember it. You are rich—I am poor. You are somebody—I am nobody. But the time may come when the promise will be worth something, and, on the honor of a gentleman, I will keep it."

An hour before this speech was made, Frank Millard had saved Paul Holbrook's sister from a watery grave, and brought her safe in his strong arms to the very spot upon the beach at Long Branch where the two men now stood together; and Ruth Holbrook was in very truth a pearl of great price in her brother Paul's eyes—the only one of his near kin still living, younger than himself by ten good years, and from her birth his pet and plaything. So he made this vow to the man beside him, hitherto a mere acquaintance, in the fullness of his gratitude to one who had done all that man could do for him.

There never were two men so utterly unlike as Paul Holbrook and Frank Millard. The first, a hard-working professional man, who had struggled for such little success as Fate had meted out to him, unaided save by his own hands and brain; not handsome, not showy; his greatest charm a certain gentle sweetness, peculiarly manifested to women. The other, a man who had had Fortune for his friend from his birth; who neither toiled nor spun; who was very handsome, very elegant, very charming; a man of society, and one with whom fine women, one of ten at least, always fell in love. But from that day they were friends, not only as the world goes, but in very truth. And so it came to pass that, walking one day, arm in arm, they met Rose Lewis; that Frank introduced her to Paul, and that, a few evenings afterwards, Frank took Paul to call upon her.

She was an heiress. She was beautiful, or had the name of being so. Her eyes were black and velvety; her hair, nature's own bright gold. All the enamel in all the chemists' shops could not make a complexion like hers. But that tells you nothing about the woman—the frank, sweet, sparkling, womanly woman with whom Paul fell in love before he had known her a month, though it seemed to him that he must in some mysterious way have known her ever since he began to guess what love was, since she did not seem so much like a new friend as like one long loved and hoped for.

Wrapped up in his profession, engrossed by struggles for bread and butter, which, while they seldom prevent a man from doing great things, always unfit him for society, Paul had known few women of Miss Lewis' position—few if any, indeed. He had no experience by which to guide himself, or by which to measure his own feelings. For a while he did not guess he was in love, and so was drawn nearer and nearer to the whirlpool until, when the truth at last dawned upon him, there was no retreat. He whose means were insufficient for any thought of matrimony, had lost his heart to the heiress. He who, in his adoration of human beauty, had sometimes almost hated himself for being so very plain, loved and worshiped the loveliest woman the sun shone on!

It was out of the question that she should like him. It was impossible for him now to cease to love her—to be happy without her—to leave her and see her no more! As the moth, which has fluttered about a flame until its wings are singed, is still tempted to its doom, so he felt he must linger near the woman who had his heart in her keeping. That she could care for him never entered his mind; that she *did*, would have been an absurdity too preposterous to dream of. But it was true, nevertheless. Rose Lewis, though too bright not to keep the fact a secret, had grown fonder of Paul Holbrook than she had thought that she could be of any man.

So now the play began in earnest—a drama oftener acted than most people guess. Two hearts a-fire, while one would think, from look, and speech, and manner, that they were ice to each other—love guarding itself with a shield of calm good breeding!

Rose said, "If he care so little for me, I will make very sure that he does not guess I care one whit for him."

Paul said, "She shall never laugh at me, though she does not love me. She shall respect me, and never guess her power, whatever pain I may have to bear."

And so they met and parted, day after day, and no one fancied that anything troubled the heiress but Frank Millard; and only two—the same Frank Millard and Paul's sister Ruth—saw how pale Paul grew—how sad his sweet mouth came to be—how at times a hopeless look was in his eyes. Poor Ruth! who in her terror asked Frank Millard one day if he thought that Paul were ill.

"He is so unlike himself," she said, with tears in her blue eyes. "He paces the floor of his room at night; he sighs bitterly; he works as hard as ever; but he does not care to play at all. I am frightened, Mr. Millard."

And Frank had said, "I think that your brother cannot be very ill, Miss Ruth; and if anything troubles him, that the time must come very soon when that trouble will pass away, and be changed for happiness."

"But do you know of anything that can trouble Paul?" asked Ruth.

And Frank answered, "Perhaps I guess at something, Miss Ruth, but I am not certain of it. Time will take care of it, I am very sure."

They were together a good deal now, Frank Millard and Ruth. It had entered Paul's head at times that this splendid fellow liked his pet sister very well; of late, that it was possible that he loved her. But Ruth, at seventeen, seemed a child to him, and he thought of this only as something the future might develop.

As she had said, he worked very hard; but toil could not banish the "haunted thought" of his life. It grew stronger instead of fading, as he had thought it might. His nights were sleepless hours of sad unrest. He feared for health and reason. At last he resolved to try what charm there might be in absence; to leave the city in which he could not dwell; forbidding himself to meet the woman he so hopelessly adored, and availing himself of an offer which promised to be a stepping-stone to his professional success, but a barrier of miles of land and water between himself and Rose Lewis.

"It's a good offer," he said. "I shall make money, and get on."

"You are doing well here," said Frank, doubtfully.

"In one sense, yes," said Paul; "in another, no. A man must not peril his health or his reason. If danger threatens them from any quarter, he must shun it."

Frank asked no explanation. He looked grave, and he held Paul's hand longer than usual when they parted—that was all.

The days flew by. Paul was ready for his departure. Frank Millard one morning sat in Paul's room, and talked as people do when their minds are on some subject which they hesitate to mention. At last he asked, "Have you bidden good-bye to Rose Lewis?"

Paul flushed and shook his head.

"It does not matter," he said, in a somewhat melancholy tone. "We shall not probably meet again; nor will she care."

"I think she would," said Frank. "You will hurt her by going off in such a manner. I feel certain of that."

Paul shook his head again.

"I know she will not care," he said. "Why should she?"

"Because you do not care for her?" asked Frank. "You are the only man I know who feels in that way to Rose Lewis."

"I am not a lady's man," said Paul; but he turned his head away to say the words.

In a moment more Frank spoke again—

"Paul, you know I am neither a bashful man nor a coward in most cases; but every man becomes one or both, under some circumstances. I have a favor to ask of you. You remember your promise to refuse me nothing I could ask of you. The time has come when I have need of your aid. Will you give it to me?"

"Tell me what you want me to do," said Paul, simply, giving his friend his hand. Frank took it tenderly.

"I want you to see Miss Lewis," he said. "I want you to tell her something which I have not the courage to tell her for myself—I have admitted cowardice, as you know, Paul—to tell her a love story, in fact, and see what she says to it. I could ask this of no one else. Will you do it?"

Paul stood dismayed. He—he, of all men, to undertake such a task as this!—he who loved Rose Lewis so madly! He stood bewildered. So Frank, the beautiful, darling, splendid fellow, her mate in wealth, position, and appearance, loved the girl also. If so, she could not fail to love him in return. They were made for each other. That fancy that Frank admired Ruth was a mere dream too. The little woman's heart, sweet little Ruth's, was thus unharmed. Frank and Rose—Frank and Rose! Yet it was all right; he had no doubt about it. It was natural; but why choose him for a go-between?

"I do not refuse, Frank," he faltered mindful of his promise, but white with despair; "but you need not fear. She will love you. You are not one to sue in vain."

"I am a coward," said Frank; "just here, I am a coward. You are a good fellow, Paul, and you will do it."

"But *how*?" asked Paul. "I know nothing of such things. I have never told any woman of my own love. I shall harm yours in telling. I will do it; but you must give me the words—the how—the when. It will be—terrible?"

He was deadly white now—not only pale; but Frank went on unheeding.

"Tell her a story—this: You know a man who has loved her long, but who has never dared to say so. He feels that his own deserts are too small to entitle him to hope; but on the eve of parting he can restrain himself no longer: he must tell her that life is nothing without her; that her love is the only thing worth striving for; he must ask her in this strange way, because he has not courage enough to do otherwise; to bid him hope or despair. Then she will ask who this lover is, and you may tell her; but not until then, mind me—not until all the story of the love is told. And you will bring me the answer."

Paul turned a ghastly face towards him, and replied, "If I live."

"And you will tell the tale just so—just as I have told you?" asked Frank.

Again Paul answered, "If I live."

Then he left Frank, and sought Miss Lewis. She held out her hand; but he only bowed, and seated himself beside her. In a moment more, he said, "I have come upon an errand that will surprise you, Miss Lewis. I am commissioned to tell you a story."

"That of some poor person?" she asked. "You have only to say what you know him to be in need, and we will pay."

"It is the story of one who asks a gift," he said, "but not a gift of alms—a gift more precious than gold could be;" and here, as he spoke the thoughts of his own soul in another's service, his voice trembled—"a gift that you only can give—you, of all the world."

Rose looked at him shyly now. In a moment more her eyes dropped, and her fingers began to trifle with her rings, and the lace above her bosom to flutter softly.

"I know a man who has loved you for a long time," he went on, taking now a sort of fierce and bitter pleasure in this cruel usage of himself, framing from his own knowledge of his own love the tale of Frank Millard's. "For months he has thought of you by day and by night, until there is but one woman in the world to him—the woman who is called Rose Lewis. Of all the objects that there are upon the horizon of the future, he only sees your face. He could do anything for your sake; without you he will be nothing. He has seen no token of any liking for him in your face, nor heard it in your voice; yet he would have you hear his story, and know his fate. His name——"

But then a sharp spasm of pain caught his breath. He paused for an instant. In that instant Rose turned towards him, and put her hand in his.

"My love is not worth so much," she said, tearfully. "But since you value it so highly, it is yours. It always—has been—since I first knew you."

And tears came faster, and woman's hysterical sobs. And what could he do but take in his arms the woman he adored, and who had just admitted her love for him, under the impression that he had proposed to her, and hold her with a lover's tenderness against his breast?

He was almost mad; he was quite distraught, indeed. The suddenness of his happiness was in itself enough. And then there was the awful remorse, the consciousness of a terrible breach of trust, when he thought of Frank Millard. His utter joy and his woful shame mingled themselves in his soul, as, having bidden Rose adieu, he found Frank Millard waiting for him not far from her house.

Frank looked at him. Paul turned away his head, for he could not return the gaze of the man whom he had so wronged.

"What have you been doing?" asked Frank. "Why do you look so?"

"How can I ever make you believe that I have not played you false?" faltered Paul; and then Frank burst into a laugh.

"You have proposed to her," he said, "and she has accepted you?"

Paul could not answer.

"You have the right to take my life," he said, "but I——"

"Do you think I wanted to marry Rose Lewis," said Frank, "or that I dreamed she would accept me? I read your hearts too well. I knew your love, and your pride. I saw two who were made for each other tearing themselves asunder; and I took advantage of your foolish promise to place you in a position in which it was impossible for you to conceal your true feelings. Somehow, I felt sure you would understand each other; and at the worst I should only have a refusal, and the reputation of being a rejected lover. My happiness, as I think you must guess, is only dependent on what Ruth will answer me some day; and I think I shall have courage to do without your aid in this case."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Paul.

"Undoubtedly."

"And I am not dreaming."

"No; perfectly wide awake."

And so the end of the story is, that there was soon a double wedding; and since Rose and Ruth were the names of the two brides, it is easy to guess who were their bridegrooms.

## MARTHA PHILLIPS.

BY A. PHELPS.

She was dead; an old woman, with silvery hair brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forehead, and snowy cap tied under her chin; a sad, quiet face; a patient mouth, with lines about it that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired hands, crossed with a restful look. That was all.

Who, looking at the sleeping form, would think of love and romance, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long ago?

Fifty years she had lived under that roof, a farmer's wife. If you look on the little plate on her coffin lid, you will see "Aged 70" there; and she was only twenty when John Phillips brought her home, a bride.

A half-century she had kept her careful watch over dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese, and looked after the innumerable duties that fall to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone with buttonless shirts or undarned socks; had not come home to an untidy house and scolding wife. His trim, tidy Martha had been his pride; and though not a demonstrative husband, he had boasted sometimes of the model housewife that kept his home in order.

But underneath her quiet exterior there was a story that John never dreamed of, and would hardly have believed possible had he been told. She did not marry for love. When she was nineteen, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their little village, and that summer was the brightest and happiest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village girl, and won her heart; and, when he went away in the autumn they were betrothed.

"I'll come again in the spring," he said. "Trust me, and wait for me, Mattie dear."

She promised to love and wait for him till the end of time, if need be; and, with a kiss on her quivering lips, he went away.

Mattie Gray did not tell her father and mother of her love, for they had no liking for city folks, and had treated Paul none too hospitably when he had ventured inside their house.

They renewed their vows, and parted with tears, and tender, loving words; he put a tiny ring on her finger, and cut a little curly tress from her brown hair; and, telling her to be always true, and wait for him, he went away.

The months went by, and Mattie was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself, so that she might be worthy of her lover, when he should return to make her his wife.

"It must be about the time he is to start," she said to herself one day.

And by and by, as she glanced over a newspaper, her eye was attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes, she read of his marriage to another.

"Married! Taken another bride, instead of coming back to marry me! Oh, Paul, Paul! I loved and trusted you for this!"

She covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

An hour afterwards, as she sat there in the twilight, with the fatal newspaper lying in her lap, she heard a step on the gravel walk; and, looking up, she saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but had never yet spoken of love, and had, of course, received no encouragement to do so. He was a plain, hard-working farmer, with no romance about him, but matter-of-fact to the core. His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough—would give her plenty to eat and to wear.

Now, he seemed to have come for the express purpose of asking her to be his wife; for he took a chair, and, seating himself beside her, after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath, began, in his business-like way, to converse. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances; he simply wanted her; would she be his wife? His manner was hearty enough; there was no doubt he really wanted her—would rather marry her than any other woman he knew; but that was all.

Her lips moved to tell him she did not love him; but as she let fall her eyes from the crimson-hearted rose that swung from the vine over the window, she caught sight of those few lines again.

"Married!" she said to herself. "What can I do? He doesn't ask me to love him; I can be a true wife to him, and nobody will know that Paul has jilted me."

The decision was made. Her cheeks were ashy pale as she looked up, straight into his eyes, and answered quietly, "Yes, I will be your wife."

Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man; so it was all settled, and they were married that same summer. People thought she sobered down wonderfully; more than that, nothing was said that would lead any one to suppose any change had taken place.

Yes, she was sobered down. She dared not think of Paul. There was no hope ahead. Life was a time to be filled up with something, so that she might not think of herself. John was always kind, but she got so wearied of his talk of stock and crops, and said to herself, "I must work harder; plan and fuss, and bustle about as other women do, do that I may forget, and grow like John."

Two years went swiftly by. A baby slept in the little cradle; and Martha—nobody called her Mattie but Paul—sat rocking it with her foot as she knitted a blue woolen stocking for the baby's father. There was a knock at the half-open door.

"I have got into the wrong road; will you be kind enough to direct me the nearest way to the village?" said a voice, and a stranger stepped in.

She rose to give him the required direction, but stopped short, while he came quickly forward.

"Paul!"

"Mattie!"

His face lighted up, and he reached out his arms to draw her to him. With a surprised, pained look, she drew back.

"Mr. Gardner, this is a most unexpected meeting."

"Mr. Gardner?" he repeated. "Mattie, what do you mean?"

"Don't call me Mattie, if you please," she repeated, with dignity, "My name is Phillips."

"Phillips?" he echoed. "Are you married?"

"Those are strange words from you, Paul Gardner; did you think I was waiting all this time for another woman's husband?—that I was keeping my faith with one who played me false so soon?"

"Played you false! I have not. I am come as I promised you. The two years are but just past, and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you indeed married, Mattie Gray?"

She was trembling like an aspen leaf. For answer, she turned and pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her with white face and folded arms.

"Tell me why you did this! Didn't you love me well enough to wait for me?"

She went and unlocked a drawer, and took out a newspaper. Unfolding it, and finding the place, she pointed to it with her finger, and he read the marriage notice.

"What of this?" he asked, as he met her questioning, reproachful look. "Oh, Mattie, you thought it meant me. It is my cousin. I am not married, nor in love with any one but you!"

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked, in an eager, husky voice.

And then, as he replied, "It is true," she gave a low groan, and sank down into a chair.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me! It nearly broke my heart! I didn't know that you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you; but 'twas there in black and white—and this man, my husband, came, and I married him!"

With bitter tears, she told him how it all happened. With clenched hands he walked to and fro, then stopped beside the cradle, and bent over the sleeping child. Lower he bent, till his lips touched its wee forehead, while he murmured softly to himself, "Mattie's baby."

Then he turned, and, kneeling before her, said, in a low voice, "I forgive you, Mattie; be as happy as you can." He took both her hands in his, and looked steadily, lovingly into her face. His lips twitched convulsively as he rose to his feet. "I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye—God bless you!"

He turned, as he went out of the door, and saw her standing there in the middle of the room, with arms outstretched. He went back, and, putting his arms around her, pressed one kiss on her cheek, then left the house, never looking back.

And she went down on her knees beside her sleeping baby, and prayed for strength to bear her great trial. They never saw one another again.

Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and bright-eyed daughters remember her as a loving and devoted mother, her gray-headed husband as a most faithful wife.

"Never was a woman more patient and kind, and as good a housewife as ever was," he said, as he brushed the back of his old brown hand across his eyes while looking down on the peaceful face.

And not one of them ever knew of the weary heart and broken hope that had died in her breast, nor ever dreamed of the sorrowful load she had borne through life.

## HOPE.

Hope has the power of soaring with a strong and unstriving pinion from all that is dark and drear, into the radiant atmosphere of poetry. It takes us into a world of dreams, and causes the heart to wander amongst visions. It diverts the thoughts from the real to the ideal, and leads us amongst the picture-gleams of fancy to linger in the fairy realms of art. It hastens us into a visionary world, that we may have dreams of glory, power, and fame. It unfurls a dazzling scroll, and shows us engraven on it an immortal name. Its holy task is to exhibit to us, even when care surrounds us, and we are treading along a harsh path, a time of dizzy joys, and to change into bright enchantments the stern realities of actual life. Nor do the strength of its dreams, the nobleness of its desires, and the beauty of its thoughts, cease to actuate and influence our hearts even when life grows pale and wanes fast, when we turn our thoughts from earth to heaven, on the couch of sickness and weakness, and when the faint voice and the fainter pulse speak in warning whispers of a time to die. It boldly walks along with us, prompting the spirit never to repine, from the cradle to the grave.

We all hope. In every one of us that passion finds an object to feed upon. We all form some beau-ideal—we all sketch some fancy portrait, which we fondly cherish, and hope to find the fair original. When hope first sheds its influence upon the heart, all one's roving thoughts are concentrated upon one object. A vacuum is filled, of which we have never before known the extent. Heedless indifference to success in life forsakes one. A new stimulus succeeds, the mind revolves splendid success. All the alluring avenues of fame spread open before us. We burn to achieve some arduous enterprise which shall be worthy of the mind of man.

But strong as is the spell of hope to incite and inspire us, equally strong is it to elude and to deceive us. The fraud is sweet, but bitter pain and keen despair await to torment us, upon our awaking and finding its chain broken and lying around us in glittering fragments. The heart that trusts the syren smile of hope drinks the most copious draught of pleasure while it grasps its soul-sought treasure; but when the mystic gleam departs, the heart sinks coldly, and too often breaks amidst the world's unkindness.

THERE can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free air, and will not be penned in straight and narrow enclosures. It will speak freely, and act so too; and take no ill where no ill is meant; nay, where it is, it will easily forgive, and forget too, upon small acknowledgments.

## THE SUSPICIOUS YOUNG MAN.

Pray tell me, kind reader,
If ever you knew
A suspicious young man—
But, thank Heaven, they're few—
Who imagines, if any one
Kind to him be,
"Oh, I see, they've designs
On my purse-strings or me."

"But do them I will—
I will watch every motion,
And not be affected
By kindest devotion.
I see their intentions
As well as if spoken;
But catch me—they won't
While my weather eye's open.

"There's Mary Jane Tompkins
I met at the ball—
I saw she was charmed with me,
Neck-tie and all.
She seemed so enchained
When her hook I did catch;
But, though she's a good general,
I am her match!"

And now, gentle reader,
Just take my advice,
If you meet such a person,
Ne'er think on him twice.
But with flattery, well seasoned,
Catch him—you see—
For that's the soft side
Of this charming young man.

## A PERILOUS POSITION.

A SKETCH OF CALIFORNIAN LIFE.

BY DANIEL NORMAN.

In the winter of 1858, I was mining—or rather sojourning, and waiting for a chance to mine in the spring—in the town of Omega, Nevada county. Snow fell in the town that winter to the depth of eight feet. Three of us were living in a cabin about half a mile out of town, near the head of Sour Kraut Ravine. We were in the habit of spending our evenings in town, or at the cabins of our brother-miners, generally remaining from home till ten, eleven, or even as late as twelve o'clock.

I happened to be in town the very evening that the first great fall of snow began. I saw that the snow was coming down very fast, and knew before starting home that the trail would be hidden; but this gave me no uneasiness, as I knew the course well, and could keep within a few rods of the trail the whole distance, if not in it.

When I finally started homeward, it was about ten o'clock; and there were six or eight inches of snow on the ground, and flakes coming down as big as saucers. Knowing my course, I rushed along, paying but little attention to the trail, and was within two hundreds of the cabin, when there was a sudden crash of breaking twigs and brush under my feet, and I felt myself sinking into an open space. Instinctively I stretched out both arms to their fullest extent, and clutched the snow with both hands. Instantly, in fact before I had fully settled into this position, I knew where I was, and fully comprehended the danger of my situation.

I knew that I was hanging over the old Brook-shire shaft—a shaft dug some years before to undermine the hill, and at least a hundred feet in depth!

It was but two or three rods below the trail, and was covered by a few pine and spruce boughs that were thrown across its mouth when it was abandoned. I knew that there were huge boulders and sharp, jagged rocks projecting everywhere along the sides of the shaft, and that in the bottom was at least twenty feet of water; for, in passing, I had once or twice pushed the brush covering aside, and dropped into it pebbles and pieces of lighted paper. I felt my body and legs dangling in space, and, without thinking of the consequences, made an effort to reach out with one of my feet to see if I could touch the wall of the shaft. I had extended my leg some distance without touching the wall, when, to my horror, the dry and rotten covering of the shaft began cracking under my arm on the side upon which my weight was thrown in the attempt I had made to learn something of my situation. Carefully I swung back, till I hung perpendicularly over the fearful chasm, the brush still crackling as I did so. As each little twig snapped, I felt that there was that much less between myself and death; each little rotten stick that held was worth millions to me, and for a stout beam under my feet I would have given tens of millions.

The snow beat down incessantly upon my head in immense damp flakes, and I could feel it gradually piling about my neck. Occasionally there were wild blasts of wind that roared among the tall pines, and swept the light snow into my eyes. One of these blasts took away my light felt hat, and left my head exposed to the beating storm. As I felt my hat going, I made an involuntary movement to raise my arm to catch it, but instantly the crackling twigs warned me to desist. This movement, the slightest in the world, cost me half a dozen twigs, and, as it seemed to me, greatly weakened my support. The snow melting on my head and face trickled into my eyes and almost blinded me. My hands and arms seemed becoming benumbed, and I began to fear I would lose my hold upon the branch covering of the shaft. Whenever this notion took possession of my mind, I would extend my arms and even my fingers, till the joints of my shoulders seemed starting from their sockets.

By straining my eyes, I could see the dim outlines of our cabin on a little rise of ground above me. I could see no light, however, and concluded that my partners had either gone to bed, or had not yet returned from a neighbor's cabin a quarter of a mile further down the ravine, whither I knew they had gone to spend the evening. Once or twice I shouted; but the effort caused a crackling of the twigs supporting me, and I desisted, determining to wait till I could hear the voices of my cabin companions returning, or see a light in the little window of four small panes. This, fortunately, was on the side of the house next to me; so, too, was the door by which they must enter the cabin. I thought of all this, and it gave me some hope.

Several times, as the roaring wind lulled for a moment, I thought I heard the sound of voices and laughter, and my heart beat quick with hope and joy; but the sounds were not repeated, and doubtless were but the creaking of some storm-swayed boughs, or the chatterings of some distant coyote.

I now began seriously to fear being completely covered in the fast-falling and drifting snow. It seemed coming down at the rate of an inch a minute, and already covered my shoulders, and was piling close up about my mouth. I dare not make the slightest move to rid myself of the drift which was about to bury me. Should the snow get over my eyes, I could not see the light in the cabin, and could only call out by guess. As so slight an exertion as calling out in a loud tone set my rotten platform to crackling, I did not wish to call for aid till I was certain it was near.

As the snow began rising about my mouth, I discovered I could keep it away with my breath. I saw that I still had a chance of keeping my eyes free, and kept constantly at work blowing away the accumulating flakes. This gave me something to do, and was a relief to my mind; and so jealously did I keep guard, that I would hardly allow two flakes to lie between my lips.

Thoughts of home, my friends, of the little I had ever done in the world, and of the jagged rocks lining the side of the shaft, with the great pool in its bottom, passed and repassed in my mind. In this circle my mind seemed swiftly revolving, dwelling but for a moment upon one thing. I would strain my eyes to see the light in the window till they were ready to start from their sockets. Sometimes I would see a sudden red flash, and with a joyous throb of my heart I would say, "It's there!" but in a moment after, I would groan in spirit at discovering the flash was only within my strained and weary eyeballs.

From straining my eyes and ears for some sign of the arrival of my partners, I would fall into my old circle of thought; and round and round in it, as in a whirlpool, my brain would whirl till some moan of the winds or creaking of the trees would arouse me to thoughts of escape from my fearful position.

After the first few efforts made towards extricating myself, my whole care was to remain as motionless as possible, and keep my arms stretched out to their fullest extent, in order to grasp for my support every twig within my reach, were it no larger or stronger than a rye-stalk. Time seemed to move on leaden wings, and it appeared to me that I must have been suspended over the shaft for many hours. I began to fear that on account of the storm, my partners had concluded to "turn in" at the cabin of our neighbor. The moment I thought of this, it seemed to me almost certain that such was the case. My escape, I now began to think, rested on myself. I thought there might be before me a pole across the shaft strong enough to bear my weight. Slowly I began raising my right arm, in order to feel for some support: but a startling snapping of twigs, when this extra weight was thrown upon my left arm, caused me quickly to desist.

"Great heavens!" I groaned, as I settled back into my former position, "how long is this to last?"

Just at this moment, I heard the sound of voices. This time there was no mistake about it. I heard the loud, ringing laugh of my jovial partner Tom, and heard curl-loving Bob say something about a game they had been playing at the "other cabin."

As they came nearer, I heard Tom say, "I wonder if Dan has got back from town."

They spoke in their ordinary tone of voice; and this gave me great joy, as I knew I could make them hear without shouting too loudly. I heard them at the door, scraping the snow away with their feet, and knew that now was the time to call; for, once had they entered, they might not hear me.

"Tom!" I cried; "Tom!"

There was no answer, and my heart felt cold within me.

"Tom!" I again cried.

This time, to my great joy, both of the boys in a breath sang out, "Hello!"

"Tom!" I cried again, in as loud a tone of voice as I dare use: "Tom, come here!"

"Why, that's Dan! What can be the matter?"

And both came as fast as their legs would carry them down to near where I was hanging.

"Don't come too near!" I cried. "For heaven's sake, don't come too near! I have fallen through the brush over this shaft, and it's just ready to break, and let me down. Get a rope, quick; the windlass rope, you know!"

Tom run to the cabin, and in less than a minute—though it seemed an hour to me—was back with the rope. Both were rushing to the shaft with the rope, when I stopped them.

"Stop right where you are, boys! Now listen, or you will kill me. Don't come near the brush about the shaft, or you will break it, and let me down. Take hold of the rope about twenty feet apart, and walk so as to bring it across the shaft, so that I can reach it."

They did as I directed, and the rope was soon against my face. I began slowly to lift my right hand to clutch it, but a crackling of the bush on which I hung suspended, startled me so much, that I had not the courage to try and grasp the rope. I thought of making a sudden plunge for it, but feared I might fail to catch it; when I would most certainly break through, and fall to the bottom of the shaft.

"What is the matter?" asked Bob. "Can't you get hold of the rope?"

"No," I replied. "I shall break through if I even lift one finger."

"Take hold of the rope with your teeth!" cried Tom.

This was the very idea.

"Hold the rope a little lower," said I, "and I will try. Lower yet. There: hold on."

"Have you got it?" asked Tom.

"Yes," I answered, as well as I could.

"Now try it with your hands," cried Bob.

As quickly as I could use my stiffened right arm, I made a clutch at the rope, and most luckily for myself, got hold of it. Had I missed it, I should have been precipitated to the bottom of the shaft; for, as I clutched the rope, the whole rotten pile of boughs broke loose, and dropped into the dark pit below.

After being dragged some distance from the black and yawning mouth of the shaft, I still held the rope with both teeth and hands, and could hardly be persuaded that I was yet out of danger. I was so completely exhausted, that I was unable to walk to the cabin, without the assistance of both my partners; and it was some weeks before my strained shoulders were free from pain.

There may be more trying and perilous positions than that above described; but, if there are, I beg to be excused from trying them.

## Blunders and Absurdities in Art.

In looking over some collections of old pictures, it is surprising what extraordinary anachronisms, blunders and absurdities are often discoverable.

In the gallery of the convent of Jesuits at Lisbon, there is a picture representing Adam in paradise, dressed in blue breeches with silver buckles, and Eve with a striped petticoat. In the distance appears a procession of Capuchin monks bearing the cross.

In a country church in Holland there is a painting representing the sacrifice of Isaac, in which the painter has depicted Abraham with a blunderbuss in his hand, ready to shoot his son. A similar edifice in Spain has a picture of the same incident, in which the patriarch is armed with a pistol.

At Windsor there is a painting by Antonio Verrio, in which the artist has introduced the portraits of himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and May, the surveyor of the works of that period, all in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

A painter of Toledo, having to represent the three wise men of the East coming to worship on the nativity of Christ, depicted three Arabian or Indian kings, two of them white and one black, and all of them in the posture of kneeling. The position of the legs of each figure not being very distinct, he inadvertently painted three black feet for the negro king, and three also between the two white kings; and he did not discover his error until the picture was hung up in the cathedral.

In another picture of the Adoration of the Magi, which was in the Houghton Hall collection, the painter, Brughel, had introduced a multitude of little figures, finished off with true Dutch exactitude, but one was accoutred in boots and spurs, and another was handing in, as a present, a little model of a Dutch ship.

The same collection contained a painting of the stoning of Stephen the martyr, by Le Sœur, in which the saint was attired in the habit of a Roman Catholic priest at high mass.

A picture by Rubens, in the Luxembourg, represents the Virgin Mary in council, with two cardinals and the god Mercury assisting in her deliberations.

## FOILING HIMSELF.

BY S. MARKS.

"Humph! The *fortune's* all I care about."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Clarence, for Helen Rivers is a superb girl, and one well worthy of a better fate. If you should marry her, you'd break her heart."

Clarence Leighton laughed.

"My good fellow, you grow enthusiastic," he exclaimed. "To hear you, one would think you were in love with her yourself."

A twinge of pain passed over Edmund Maurice's face.

"Perhaps I am," he said. "At any rate, I mean to warn her of your intentions; I shall not let her fall into such a snare unsuspectingly."

"She won't believe you."

"Perhaps she may not; but if I do my duty, my conscience won't accuse me."

"Why don't you marry her yourself?" Clarence asked, sneeringly.

"Because I'm poor as poverty. Were I her equal in wealth and social position, I would contest the field with you. As it now is, all I can do is to warn her against your machinations. Now, on your honor, do you love her, or do you not?"

"Phew! Love her? I'd love an iceberg just as soon."

"And yet you'll marry her?"

"I will—she's got a heap of money."

Clarence Leighton and Edward Maurice passed from view beyond the shrubbery, for they were walking in the garden; and shortly afterwards a lady emerged from a little arbour close to where they were talking. Her face was flushed a painful crimson, and she was smiling bitterly.

"You'd 'love an iceberg just as soon,' would you!" she muttered, in an undertone. "Well, listeners never hear much good of themselves, I've heard it said; but I believe they sometimes hear no good of others either. 'A heap of money,' indeed! I've got my eyes now open, Mr. Clarence Leighton, and you will think the 'iceberg' came from Greenland by express, or I'm mistaken."

And saying this, she too passed on, and disappeared from sight.

When Clarence Leighton next met her, she received him only with a chilling stare.

"Oh, Miss Rivers—Helen!" he exclaimed, in great apparent, and not a little real, distress; "how have I offended you? I see that you are offended, and I pray that you will tell me."

"Offended!—no," she said. "But icebergs always are quite cold, you know."

Instead of being covered with confusion, he laughed merrily.

"Maurice said that he would break off the match between us," he said gaily. "The fact is, he's in love with you himself, and thinks if he can spoil my chances, he shall win you. I did not think, however, you would heed him."

"Then you are both my lovers?" she asked, quietly controlling her indignation.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And does he love me truly, or is it the heap of money he is after?"

"I will not ascribe such motives to him, as I perceive he has to me," said Clarence, with a great appearance of candor. "Frankly, then, I think he loves you."

"And I shall have to choose between you?" said Helen, musingly. "Well, I choose Mr. Maurice."

"Miss Rivers!" Clarence exclaimed aghast.

"I mean it, Mr. Leighton. Putting you on an equal footing—you are the wealthier, I know, but love laughs at wealth as well as locksmiths—I like Mr. Maurice far the better of the two."

"It is because he poisoned your mind against me!" cried Clarence, turning pale as death. "Oh, Helen, believe me when I declare I love you madly, for all I may have said to him! Besides, I never said half what I fear he has reported to you," he added.

"He has not reported a word to me," was the crushing rejoinder. "I was in the little arbor in the garden, when you and he were talking, and I was forced to hear the conversation about myself. Of course, you will admit that I can trust my own ears, Mr. Leighton?"

But Clarence Leighton did not stop to make reply. He did not even wait to say farewell; but seizing his hat, he disappeared, and has not since been heard of in that neighborhood.

And Edward Maurice, who luckily received a legacy from the traditional rich uncle, about that time, went in and won.

## THE THIMBLE.

The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumb-bell," being at first thumble, and afterwards thimble. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1695, by John Lofting, who commenced its manufacture at Islington, near London, and pursued it with great profit and success. Formerly iron and brass were used, but latterly steel, silver, and gold have taken their places. In the ordinary manufacture, thin plates of metals are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape. In Paris, gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent. Thin sheets of sheet-iron are cut into dies of about two inches in diameter. These being heated red-hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth, to give them the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished, and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured, and brought to a blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior, and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel mandril. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside, and attached to it by pressure, the edges being fastened in a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use. Those made in this manner do not wear out, as so many ordinary thimbles do, but will last for years. The gold coating, if cut away by needles, may be easily replaced, but the steel is of an excellent quality, and very durable.

## TIED UP.

This morning, April 1, at half-past eleven precisely, the unfortunate young man, Mr. Edwin Pinkney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Anne Gale, in front of the altar railings of Trinity Church, New York. It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at the Jones' party two years ago, that Mr. Pinkney was there, and there first introduced to Mary Anne, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinkney had barely attained to his twenty-eighth year; but there is reason to believe that, but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus to become accessories to the course for which he had just suffered.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half-past eight to ten he was busily engaged in writing letters. Shortly after ten o'clock, his younger brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him in a firm voice to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied:

"Not yet."

The question was then put to him how he thought he should sleep; to which his answer was:

"I don't know."

He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of whiskey, which were supplied him. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshment, now demanded if he would want anything more that night. He said:

"Nothing!" in a firm voice.

His affectionate brother then rose to take leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven, the next morning, the victim of Cupid, having been called according to his desire, rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time to his toilet than usual. The wretched individual was attired in a blue frock-coat, a light waistcoat, and trowsers, with patent leather boots.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends were awaiting him. He shook hands cordially with all present; and on being asked how he had slept, answered:

"Very well."

And to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said "he felt happy."

Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate the whole of a French roll, a large round of toast, two sausages, and three new-laid eggs, which he washed down with two great breakfast-cups of tea.

In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of a person present, on his appetite, he declared that he never felt it heartier in his life. Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes to eleven, he remarked that "it would soon be over." His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him; when he said he should like a glass of bitter ale. Having drank this, he appeared satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining brief portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles which he would soon no longer want. To one he gave his cigar-case, to another his meerschaum pipe, and he charged his brother Henry with his latch-key, with instructions to deliver it, after all was over, with due solemnity, to his landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven; and at the same moment he was informed that a carriage was at the door. He merely said: "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother—his friends following in two others. Arrived at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinkney endeavored to preserve a composure; but a slight twitching of his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

The ill-starred bachelor having submitted quietly to have a large white bow pinned to his button-hole, now walked, side by side with Miss Gale, with a firm step to the altar. He surveyed the imposing preparations with calmness, and gazed, unmoved, on the clergyman, who, assisted by the clerk, was waiting behind the railings.

All requisite preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through, the usual question was put:

"Wilt thou have this woman for thy wife?"

To which the rash youth replied, in a distinct voice:

"I will."

He then put the fatal ring upon Miss Gale's finger; the hymeneal noose was adjusted; and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony.

## A MURDEROUS SEA-FLOWER.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a large, very double aster, with ever so many long petals of the most delicate shade of light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet himself generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed!

Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But these beautiful waving arms—as you may call them—have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large, open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one scarcely finds it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of their rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment he stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is as quietly drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

PERMANENT rest is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

## FACETIÆ

NOTED QUACKS.—Ducks.

RULED PAPER.—The French press.

EXPENSIVE DRESS FOR A MINOR.—A Chancery suit.

CON.—When was Earth the mother of Wisdom? When she brought forth a sage bush.

WHY is Hymen represented by a torch? To throw a light upon those little imperfections love is blind to.

A GENTLEMAN received a telegram from a friend, and handed it to his wife. "Dear me," she remarked, "how badly Mr. Jones writes!"

A WITTY moralist says that "many a man thinks it's virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it's only a full stomach. One should be careful, and not mistake potatoes for principles."

MRS. PARTINGTON moved this spring to a house on the railroad, and she likes it very much. "It is so pleasant and sociable," she says, "when Ike is off, to see the cars forty times a-day pass pro and con before her windows."

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.—A daughter is almost always right when she endeavors to imitate her mother, but we do not think the mother is equally right when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate her daughter.

"O, WHAT do you think, Mr. Lilybrow? The other day I was taken for twenty-five, and I am only eighteen!" "Haw! Wonder what you'll be taken for when you're twenty-five?" "For better, for worse, I hope!" Mr. Lilybrow looks pensive.

WE overheard a queer thing the other day from the lips of two little girls, not over nine years of age. Each of them had a baby in her arms, when the elder of the two said to her companion, "Sally, can you tell a tip-top lie?"

"You bet. Why?" says the other.

"Why, you take your baby, and I'll take mine, and we'll go round begging. You tell people we are widows."

THE last proposal is that instead of burning or burn-etting our relatives, we sink them in the sea. It only remains to propose sending their remains up in a balloon, and after that has been duly discussed, we may hope that the sleep of the grave will be disturbed no longer. Meanwhile, during the present agitation, would it not be a proper precaution to insert in one's will a provision for the quiet enjoyment of the little lot of ground one has provided for his last resting-place?

A CORRESPONDENT in New Zealand tells the following story in illustration of the supremacy of the Scottish race in Otago: Tenders were the other day invited for some public work to be executed there. One Macpherson was successful. Mr. Macpherson was accordingly invited to attend to complete his contract. To the amazement of all the officials a Chinaman, with a noble pig-tail, put in an appearance. "Where's Mr. Macpherson?" asked the clerk. "Me!" replied John. "How came you to be called Macpherson?" "Oh, nobody get nothing in Otago if he be not a Mac," replied the unabashed Celestial.

THE CAUSE OF IT.—The different views that people take of the situation are sometimes very entertaining. Talking with a group of business men on financial matters, dullness of trade, etc., old Bluffer, a Front street merchant, fat, fifty and pompous, swelled out his stomach and naively delivered himself of the following:

"It ain't the financial difficulty, gentlemen, as is hamperin' business, so much as it is the insubordination of employees. I happened to hear two of my young men a talkin' behind a case of goods, and see one of 'em:

"'Is young Bluffer a comin' into this concern?'

"Sez the other, 'I believe he is.'

"'Very well,' sez the first one, 'then this ain't no place for me.'

"'Why not?' sez the second.

"'Because,' sez the first, 'he's a bigger fool than the old man.'"

AT a recent Sunday-school service, the clergyman was illustrating the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world; and, to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said, "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get any water?" He expected the children to say that it was because he had not made a connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing. "Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking over the flock of wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem. "I know," squeaked a little five year old. "You don't pay up!"

THE CAPTAIN'S GEESE.—An old whaling captain, who had spent the whole prime of his life on the ocean with but indifferent success, having scraped together a few thousand dollars, retired from the sea, moved into the country with his family and bought a small farm.

One of his neighbors said to him soon after he settled on the farm:

"Captain K, you've got a nice pond on your place, and you ought to have a good large flock of geese. It's a grand place to keep 'em, and they'll be profitable to you."

"Yes, I think they will," said the captain.

"I've got some nice ones to sell ye," continued the kind neighbor. "You come over and pick 'em out yourself."

So the captain selected a suitable number, making his choice as he would among a school of whales when "brought to," or as a boy would from a basket of apples.

In the spring following he happened to be visiting at the farm of another neighbor, and among other things inspected the geese, making comparisons in his mind highly favorable to his own judgment.

"Don't think your birds are as handsome as mine," he remarked. "Do you have any eggs yet?"

"Oh, yes. They have been laying freely for this month or more."

"Well, I don't know how 'tis," said Captain K. "I've got the handsomest flock that I've seen any where this season—picked 'em out one by one, from neighbor Jones's flock, and I feed 'em high, too. But not an egg have they laid yet. I only wish you would come over and see 'em. Perhaps you can give an idea how to manage 'em."

His friend did "come over and see 'em" the next day, and, as soon as he could speak for laughter, he enlightened the ancient mariner as to the cause of the nonproductiveness by informing him that they were—all ganders!


## ADVERTISEMENTS

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# THE BOUDOIR

FASHION, NOTES AND QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Fashion's queens are sipping honey as they go. The weather is charming for airing the dainty new costumes, and the promenade is crowded, not only in what is wont to be known as the fashionable promenade hour, but all the day long the gay votaries are hovering here and there, in quest of novelties; and gratification meets them at every turn, for rarely have we seen greater scope given in the fashioning of everything pertaining to an outfit, and especially

IN SUITS,

designed for the coming months of travel and fashionable sojourn abroad.

Among the materials greatly in demand is the new twilled or diagonal debege and camelet, a summer camel's hair. The latter is more especially designed for polonaises, or overskirt and basque.

The debege we find in all the prevailing shades of grays and browns, and some of the most stylish in gray are finished with pipings of mauve silk.

In one or two instances we have seen the petticoat or main skirt made of mauve, and trimmed with bands or flounces of the debege; but we must pronounce it poor taste for a traveling costume.

A very stylish costume of this combination of colors was made; the skirt a *demi*-train, with elevator attachment, and trimmed on the three back widths with a bias flounce with an inch hem at the bottom and a mauve silk fold inserted. Above this was another still narrower, finished the same, and a narrow side plaiting of the silk formed the heading. The front was finished with broad bias revers of debege, and these were surrounded with a shell trimming of debege, bound with mauve. The basque, a half tight, was square both back and front, and trimmed with revers of silk. An overskirt, long and but slightly draped, was edged with a mauve ball fringe and bias band piped to match the skirt.

EVENING DRESSES

are given us in a new fashion of covering thin, gauze-like silks with Brussels net, either black or white, or white gauze.

The most stylish one shown us was maize-colored silk, made a *Princesse*, and covered with puffs and flowers of white gauze. At the back the gauze formed a *pouf* overskirt, and was festooned with a long twining wreath of maize flowers. Flowers of the same hue should be woven at the corsage and in the hair.

Another was in pink silk, a deep shade, covered with black Brussels. The skirt was trimmed up the front with puffings of net, each one confined by pink daisies. The pink waist was low, with mere straps for sleeves; whilst the net formed a high waist, rounding from the waist to the back, where it fell in a deep, full overskirt, caught here and there with daisies, and a broad made wreath of daisies formed a sash to loop the overskirt.

FAVORITE SILKS,

for the present season, are—one a new Indian silk, twilled, and in sweet shades of lilac, pearl-gray, and silver.

Also, the Foulards are given us in renewed attractiveness, and their price, combined with their durability, make them exceedingly popular.

JAPANESE SILKS

are by no means a durable silk; still, while new, form a very showy dress, and are this season prettier than ever.

RUSTIC HATS

are creating a wild enthusiasm among both young and old.

Elderly ladies buy the black and white gipsy—trimming it up plainly with black velvet or brown ribbon. Young ladies trim with black velvet, plentifully sprinkled with white straw buttons or white daisies; while misses' hats are trimmed with a fancy straw band ending in heavy tassels at the back, and a bouquet of dried grasses at the left.

Not one of our sex will venture a tour this season without one of these attractive sun hats.

DRESS HATS.

We find each day the fancy increases for the close cap-bonnet, by many called the baby crown. This is particularly attractive and cool in black beaded lace; and the prettiest one on exhibition was trimmed with berries of the red holly, with green leaves, and a cluster at the back held in place a scarf which crossed under the hat on the neck, and, brought forward, fell in long sash ends, caught together on the breast with a bouquet of holly berries.

HANDKERCHIEFS,

to be fashionable, must be *en suite;* and while it may seem *outre*, the latest are in gray when worn with a gray dress; and if the trimming is violet, alternate blocks of violet and gray finish the edge.

Dark-blue handkerchiefs are used with a scant ruffle of white, buttonholed with blue and white in turn, with a ruffle of white finished in blue wheels of point lace.

THE FASHIONABLE GAME OF CHIVALRIE

has just been brought to our notice. To lovers of croquet, chess, billiards—indeed, the many games known to kill time—this new lawn game will prove of inestimable value for killing time at the country resorts.

A NEW ATTACHMENT

for sewing machines, which possesses many advantages over all others, will be brought to your notice another week.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

PET OF THE FAMILY. The hair is worn high by those to whom it is becoming. Drooping curls, braids or hangings, are all adopted; and *the fashion* of the present hour is for each one to dress their hair to suit their own particular style of beauty.

MRS. MABEL J. You can purchase silk suits well made at reasonable prices. A pretty gray wool suit, trimmed with blue satin or twilled silk, from $24 to $30.

HATTIE S. Get the Scotch gingham; make gabrielles, and, while in the country, let them play in the dirt. It will neither hurt them nor their clothes. Have one or two Scotch plaids for cool days.

MR. JAMES. It would be an elegant birthday present for your wife. $50 purchases a good gold watch at the present day. Chains anywhere from $15 to $300.

ALICE ETHEL.

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope! It will come to us 'mid the darkness, and sing the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest note, and tightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been tearing away.

## WHO ROBBED MADAME.

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

I had waited but a few minutes when she entered.

The tasteful cap surmounting the brown locks clustering in a pretty confusion of short curls about her forehead proclaimed her no longer young, though the fair blooming face and shapely form were far more suggestive of youth than of old age. Altogether, Madame Leroux was a lady of most attractive appearance.

She approached me with nervous haste, her eyes fixed on mine.

"I sent for—you are—" she faltered almost inaudibly, and then paused in a pitiable state of agitation, her slender fingers slowly intertwining themselves, and her whole frame trembling.

"Detective Ashton," I responded, hastily, drawing forward a chair.

She sank into it, and by a silent gesture invited me to be seated. Presently she murmured in a low quivering voice:

"Monsieur, I am in great distress.—My——" and again paused, overcome by her emotions.

I waited a minute in expectant silence, and then said:

"A case of robbery, I understand, Madame. Permit me to ask whether your servants are entirely honest?"

"Entirely," she answered, brokenly.—"They have served me for twenty years."

"And your pupils?"

"Not a shadow of suspicion may touch them."

"And the resident teachers?"

She gasped once or twice, and then controlling herself with a mighty effort, answered tremulously,

"Pardon my agitation: I am worn with trouble and anxiety," adding presently, in more even tones, "I will tell you about it, Monsieur. My school is, as you doubtless know from report, the best, and, consequently, the most flourishing in the city. I take much money, and often keep large sums by me. This is my private business room, and in yonder cabinet I store my surplus funds."

"A rather unsafe place," I commented.

"Not at all, Monsieur," she answered, decidedly. "It is furnished with a secret receptacle. Discover it, if you can."

And rising, she led the way to the cabinet, and threw open the desk.

But I exhausted my wits to no purpose. Madame looked on in silence till I drew back and folded my arms. She then quietly asked:

"You would not suspect the fact I have stated?"

"If the secret compartment is here, most certainly not."

"It *is* here," she replied, briefly and emphatically, as she closed the desk.

We returned to our seats. I reflected a minute, and then asked:

"How many times have you been robbed?"

"Nightly, for the past week," she answered, excitedly. "A large amount was taken the first night, but since then only a few counterfeits which I deposited in hope of detecting the thief without assistance."

"Has any one under your roof a knowledge of the secret of the cabinet?" I inquired, after a little interval of silence.

"But one!" she cried, bursting into tears, and wringing her hands in an agony of distress. "But one! but one, alas!"

I again deliberated a moment, and then said firmly:

"Madame, I have not a doubt that I can, in time, clear up this matter without assistance, but it is no less certain that perfect candor on your part will greatly aid me."

It was some minutes before she could compose herself sufficiently to answer.—When she did it was in heart-broken tones:

"You are right, Monsieur. I must tell you. My suspicions point to one who has for years been my all: namely, Mademoiselle Antoinette De Gray. Mademoiselle De Gray has been my *protege* since the death of her parents, which occurred while she was yet an infant. In her I have hitherto reposed the most unlimited confidence; now I am distracted with doubts it is impossible to silence.

"But, Monsieur, I have not sent for you to unravel this web of mystery with any intention of giving publicity to her guilt. Heaven knows I only desire to learn the truth for her own dear sake. I would not wrong the innocent even in thought; the guilty I would unceasingly labor to restore."

Then with a sudden burst of grief she exclaimed:

"My poor Antoinette! She is so young! so winning! and so beautiful!"

"Does Mademoiselle De Grey know of your suspicions?" I inquired, as a deep sob choked her utterance.

"She does. A few hours before I sent for you I told her of my loss, and entreated her to confess and receive my forgiveness."

"With what result?"

"She gazed at me with startled eyes for a moment, and then in proud, almost scornful accents replied that I, above all others, should know whether she was capable of such a deed."

"And is she acquainted with the fact of your having secured my services?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur. I hoped it would frighten her into a full confession."

"Your servants?"

"They know nothing whatever. For Mademoiselle De Gray's sake I have kept these startling robberies a profound secret."

After a few minutes serious consideration I said:

"Madame, I will watch here nightly till the mystery is solved."

Madame shook her head despondingly.

"It is quite useless, Monsieur. I am no coward, and have already tried that plan, and, strange to say, my cabinet remained intact both times."

"Perhaps Mademoiselle De Gray suspected your intentions," I replied. "This time we must guard against the possibility. And now, if you please, I will trouble you for a few more details. About what time do these robberies take place?"

"Always between midnight and daybreak. I seldom retire till twelve o'clock, and on the night of the first theft it was considerably later. I remember distinctly: for by a singular coincidence Mademoiselle De Gray and I sat here discussing the possibility of the very event which occurred. The recent Madworth robbery had impressed us both deeply, and as we left the room I bade Mademoiselle lock the door."

"Did you lock the other?" I asked, indicating one I had noticed awhile before.

"That is only a store closet."

"It might secrete a burglar, however."

"Yes, Monsieur; but it did not. I was in there a very few minutes before we retired."

"And the key of the door here—did Mademoiselle know where you put it?"

"Certainly, Monsieur."

"And since that night?"

"Alas! Monsieur, I have hidden my keys in vain."

After some further conversation I took my leave, promising to return about midnight.

I did so. Mademoiselle and the servants had retired, and, as previously arranged, Madame answered my light tap herself. She ushered me into the private room, and soon bade me good night.

After a short absence she returned with a steaming cup of coffee and a plate of Dutch cake.

"I always take a cup before retiring," she explained, "and thought you might find one acceptable."

And with a final good night she left me. Feeling both chilled and thirsty, I emptied the cup almost at a draught. Then wheeling a chair behind the curtains draping a large bay window, I extinguished the light and sat down to await the appearance of the unknown thief.

But I saw nothing. Just at daybreak Madame softly entered the room and spoke to me. I rose unsteadily to my feet and stepped from behind the curtains. She gazed at me in surprize for a moment, and then smiled a little ironically:

"Monsieur slept well, I perceive."

"Yes, Madame, if well means soundly," I replied. "The coffee was drugged."

"Drugged!" she echoed, staggering back a pace or two.

"Yes, Madame. Permit me to ask who made it?"

She covered her face with her hands for an instant, and then dropping them reeled over to the cabinet. In a minute she was beside me again.

"Who made it?" she repeated in deep hollow tones. "Mademoiselle De Gray! And—and, monsieur, *the money is gone!*"

"But," I answered, in some vexation, "mademoiselle, of all others, should not have known of my presence here."

"Ah, monsieur, I was most careful," returned madame, sorrowfully. "'Tis a mystery how she gained her knowledge."

"Well, madame," I answered, after a few minutes' deliberation, "we will meet Mademoiselle on her own ground. Permit her, if you please, to prepare another cup of coffee to-night. She will, no doubt, count upon its effects."

And that night I received another steaming cup. But it was received only. Consequently I was not found napping.

I had watched patiently for two hours or more, when the door softly opened and a pale, slender little old woman wrapped in a crimson dressing gown, and about whose bare head floated a few scanty gray locks, stole noiselessly into the room.

She carried a bunch of keys and a lighted taper in a small bronze candlestick. Closing the door carefully behind her, she proceeded at once to the cabinet.

"Can this weird-looking old woman be Mademoiselle De Gray?" I thought, gazing after the singular apparition. "No, it cannot be. Certainly mademoiselle is young. This must be some old relative or friend of madame."

Quickly as noiselessly she approached the cabinet, and in a moment it was unlocked, and the secret compartment open.

After carefully withdrawing the notes deposited there by madame a few hours previous, she snapped the spring and re-closed the desk. Then turning quickly away, she went over to the store-closet.

I now left my hiding place and cautiously followed. When I reached the door she was in the act of removing the false bottom from a large japanned box in one corner. Dropping it on the floor beside her, she took from the box a roll of notes, and after adding the one just stolen, returned the bundle to its place again. Then hastily restoring the box to its former order, she rose and turned away.

I stepped back a pace or two with the design of seizing her outside the closet.

In a moment she appeared and confronted me, and for the first time I obtained a fair view of her features. But instead of the horror and dismay which I had been anticipating, I was the one to fall back aghast.

My outstretched arms dropped powerless as with swift tread and strong gaze, she swept past me and out of the room.

"And this is the solution!" I muttered, drawing a deep breath of relief as the door closed upon her. "What will madame say? Will she readily credit the reports I must give?"

Without deciding the question I dropped on the sofa and made myself comfortable for the remainder of the night.

As on the previous day madame sought me early. She looked at me scrutinizingly.

"Ah! monsieur has had another good night, without the aid of drugs," she remarked, somewhat tartly.

"Yes, madame, a very good one," I replied; "but I first earned the right."

"Ah!" ejaculated madame again; but this time very tremulously. "Then you have—you"—

"Yes, madame," I answered, finding she could not finish the sentence. "And now will you kindly allow me to see Mademoiselle De Gray?"

"No, monsieur! no!" she replied, with hasty emphasis. "My poor Antoinette has sinned, no doubt; but she shall be protected. You shall not see my poor child, monsieur," she concluded passionately. "Heaven and I will make a good woman of her yet!"

"My dear madame, you quite mistake me," I answered feelingly. "Mademoiselle is innocent."

I was hardly prepared for the little Frenchwoman's outburst of joy.

"My Antoinette! My pure darling! My white dove! My wronged angel! Sweet heaven, I thank thee!" she cried, tearfully.

And before I could say more, she had darted from the room. In a few minutes she returned, leading a tall, elegant, golden-haired girl, whose proud eyes glittered with tears. This fair vision of youthful beauty left madame's side and came to me.

"I thank you, monsieur," she said, with simple, earnest dignity. "I thank you most truly."

"I have done little or nothing to entitle me to your thanks, mademoiselle," I smiled in response. "But have you no desire to learn the name of the guilty party?"

"Ah, true!" exclaimed madame. "I forgot all but my infinite joy. Tell us, monsieur."

"First, madame," I answered, "permit me to restore your stolen money. You have your keys, I see; will you be kind enough to open the treasure-box?"

And hastening to the closet I brought out the japanned box.

Madame knelt down and wonderingly turned the key. I then lifted the lid and removed the false bottom.

An astonished exclamation parted Mademoiselle De Gray's lips; but madame leaned over the box like one in a dream, and could not be convinced until the notes were in her hand and counted, that it was no dream at all, but a most pleasant reality.

"Yes, Antoinette," she at last said, rising and casting the notes on the table, "every sou of it is here. And to think of its being in the old box, Antoinette!"

"Yes," smiled mademoiselle, with a puzzled expression, "but"——

"But," interrupted madame, even more vivaciously, "but who put it into the box? Yes, that is the point, monsieur; who put it into the box?"

And she fixed her eyes in eager expectancy on mine.

"The—the apparition," I faltered, "entered the room between two and three o'clock, and went straight to the cabinet. In a few minutes the notes were purloined and deposited where you just now found it."

"But the secret compartment, monsieur," interrupted madame, excitedly. "Was it opened without difficulty?"

"Yes, madame."

"Strange! most strange!" she ejaculated in perplexed tones, adding the next instant, "Go on, monsieur."

"That is all, madame."

"All! But what did you do, monsieur?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing, madame, but stagger aside and gaze like an imbecile after the retreating form I had extended my hand to seize."

"Oh!" exclaimed madame, in a low, awed voice. "Was it—you called it an apparition I recollect, monsieur. What—what did it resemble?"

"It was a woman. A small, palid woman clad in a trailing crimson robe——"

"A crimson robe!" echoed madame and mademoiselle, both evidently aghast.

"Yes, and his silvery white hair——"

"White hair!" again echoed both looking at each other with faces of consternation.

Mademoiselle De Gray recovered herself first.

"What else, monsieur?" she queried impatiently.

"Nothing else, mademoiselle," I replied, "except that this singular apparition carried a bronze candlestick and yonder bunch of keys."

Mademoiselle gazed at me a moment in silence, and then turning, suddenly flung her arms about madame's neck, and kissing her on both cheeks exclaimed between tears and laughter—

"Oh! you naughty, naughty thief?"

Madame stared from mademoiselle to me the picture of bewildered dismay; then dropping her eyes to the floor she revolved, apparently, some perplexing question. Presently she looked up.

"Tell me, Antoinette," she murmured doubtfully, "why did you drug monsieur's coffee?"

"I!" exclaimed mademoiselle flushing with astonishment. "I did it no more than I stole the money. I knew not that monsieur was here, much less that he took coffee. But perhaps," she roguishly added the next moment as she again showered kisses on madame's roseate cheeks. "But perhaps you can plead guilty."

Again bewildered dismay widened madame's eyes, and, after a little, she faltered:

"Oh, Antoinette, I—I—yes, I certainly did! Monsieur slept well and I slept poorly. Yes, monsieur got my powders! I never thought of it till this minute."

"What powders?" laughed Mademoiselle De Gray.

"The morphine!" exclaimed madame, more composedly. "I felt sleepless and excited, and put it into a cup, intending to pour my coffee over it; but I must have given monsieur the wrong cup."

Then, suddenly snatching the keys from the table, she thrust them into Mademoiselle De Gray's hand, exclaiming, tearfully:

"There! keep them, my poor, wronged darling. I have played 'La Somnambula' long enough!"

And I, looking at madame's brown curls, roseate skin, and faultless figure, thought amusedly:

"What a miracle of French art!"

## BIG BABIES.

BY ETHEL PHAYRE.

The baby sitting on his mother's knee stretches out his little hand and screams for the beautiful, beautiful gas light. Nothing else will pacify him. In vain an offer is made of an orange, sweet as well as beautiful—of Aunt Millie's watch—of the round, golden head of grandpapa's cane—of all the glittering and jingling things in the room. Baby will have none of them. He stretches and screams for the lighted gas. He says, "Da, da!" and signifies his wishes vocally to the best of his ability, and finally grows quite apoplectic with rage or sorrow or blighted hopes in respect to that bright, delusive, dangerous thing.

Well, he cannot have it; having only recently learned to hold up his own head, and not having acquired the accomplishment of walking, he cannot help himself to that gas light, as he assuredly would if he could. Providence, in the form of mamma and aunty, will not help him to it, so that his little fingers may grasp it close; the great joy must be foregone, the great hope relinquished. He turns at last ungratefully to the loving bosom, and even with slumber stealing over him arouses himself now and then to give a short scream and a vague grab gas-ward, until his eyes are shut, and he sleeps in his crib, with marks of his mental struggle still upon his countenance. Then those elders laugh. I wonder whether there are any big guardian angels, who make allowances for us, who sometimes laugh at us, as they keep our burning, tempting, shining toys from us.

For you and I have striven for many a dangerous plaything, which would have burned us, had we grasped it. We have turned from the fair bosom of Peace to pant and sob for fairy baubles, which would have been life's curses had we won them; and with a certain portion of free will, which Baby has not, we have sometimes fought our way over all obstacles, and through all discouragements, to goals more dangerous than Baby's gas-light. The Providence that watches over us always seems to throw some little obstacle between us and that which would bring us to some woe that shimmers with delusive brightness on our horizon. If it does not hold us down, as mamma does Baby, it refuses to lift us easily to our prize by the aid of grandpa. Ah, how hard we fight against fate, sometimes to rue our conflict afterwards! The men who struggle for gold, fling aside all natural affection, and forget the joys of charity to heap it in piles; the men who with bright children at their knees envy their millionaire neighbor so bitterly; the men, who for some worthless creature's love, cast purity away, and bid good-bye to honor; those others who pine away, or with rash hands take their own lives, because one other mortal out of all the world has no love for them, or because some cruel heart has broken its vows to theirs—what are they but big babies? And so are you, dear reader, and so am I; for each of us is longing for some bright flame quite out of our reach—dangerous, perhaps, if we could grasp it—and we shall lie in our coffins at last, as Baby lies in his cradle, with the marks of the struggle upon our face, where smiles of content might have rested, had the things offered us but have satisfied our longings.

JEALOUSY is always born with love, but does not die with it.

# CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive, and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS

☞ For terms and club rates, see page 6.

*** In ordering, the name and P. O. address should be clearly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—My Uncle's Match-making—Jamie, my Jamie!—Other People's Windows—A Woman's Disasters.

## TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS

D. E. F. From six to ten drops of solution of chlorinated soda in a wine-glass of water, every morning, is an excellent remedy for a tainted breath.

JAMES D. It were better to run the risk of "getting the ill will" of the young lady than to continue to deceive her by pretending you care for her when you don't.

C. C. M., (Norristown, Pa.) You could not learn wood engraving from mere printed or written instructions. It is an art only to be acquired by apprenticeship, or by close and long practice.

J. H. H., (St. Joseph, Mo.) You had much better consult some able lawyer. Remember the old saying that he who acts as his own lawyer in any difficult matter has a fool for his client. You will find that if you follow our advice, it will be the cheapest in the end.

C. A. P., (Springfield, Ills.) Since you beg of us to give you our candid opinion regarding your sketch, we are obliged to say that we cannot conscientiously advise you to entertain the hope of getting it accepted by any publisher in its present condition. We cannot say more than this without infringing our rule not to criticise MSS. sent in to us.

H. L. M. It is an impossibility for any one to advise you what branches of knowledge to pursue, or what books to read, unless the person advising knows more about you than we do. As a general rule, that knowledge alone will do you any good which you acquire with a relish, and if you would profit by your reading, you must read about something respecting which your curiosity is alive.

M. H. H., (Somerville, Tenn.) You need have had no reason to fear we should consider your letter to be in any way troublesome. It always affords us the greatest pleasure in giving our best attention to all correspondents, and more especially those who write to us such very polite and gratifying letters as you have done. There is nothing injurious in any way in the article to which you allude.

ARTHUR. "I want to know if there is a public library in any place in the United States where I can find the Digests and Supreme Courts' Reports of all the different States, and also English Reports." The Bar Associations, composed of the lawyers of the large cities, such as Philadelphia, New York, Boston, etc., have libraries containing all these Reports, and they are always accessible to any one desiring to refer to them, on his making a proper application.

A. M. H., (Funkstown, Md.) We are always willing to answer any reasonable requests that are put to us, but we must decline giving any information regarding the private affairs of any of our contributors. If they choose to write under a *nom-de-plume* you surely cannot expect us to satisfy your curiosity by betraying the confidence they have reposed in us? We feel sure that when you asked the questions contained in your letter, you did not look upon it in this light.

BLANCHE. It is a great mistake for a young lady to be so very anxious to captivate the hearts of young gentlemen, as you seem to be. The girl who puts herself forward to win the admiration of men almost always fails in her object. Although men may like sometimes to be wooed, they never respect the women who woo them. A young lady should of course be as attractive and winning as possible, on general principles; but she should never make special attacks upon the hearts of men for matrimonial purposes.

C. A. S. There is such a thing as a natural taste for painting, as well as for music or poetry, and it was to this we referred in our former reply. These accomplishments, or arts we may call them, are seldom, if ever, acquired by persons who have no innate taste for them. A mere inclination is not a veritable taste in the sense we mean. A person may long to become a great painter, musician, or poet, and may try his best to acquire the coveted proficiency, but will never succeed unless the special taste was born in him.

HENRY H., (Meaweqna, Ills.) In order to become a first-class stenographer, a very good plan would be for you to endeavor to obtain work in taking dictations of legal cases from such stenographers who have official positions, and who have not time to write out their own notes. This is capital practice for a beginner, and if persevered in for a year or so, you will become ready to fill a position in a banking house, or in a railroad, express, or insurance office. A previous legal knowledge is not indispensable, though of course all legal as well as other knowledge is of service.

A SUFFERER. "Can you tell me of any way in which I can cure knock-knees? I have tried several methods which have been told me, but without success." Try the following, which was given us by a friend some time ago: Place a small book between your knees, tying a handkerchief tight round your ankles. This do two or three times a day, increasing the substance at every fresh trial, until you can hold a brick with ease breadth-ways. Likewise lie in bed on your back, with your legs crossed and your knees fixed tightly together. This plan was found to be a cure in his case.

INQUISITIVE. This year is not leap year. We thought that everybody in this enlightened age knew for what reason leap year has one day added on to it, but as it seems you are still in the dark, we will tell you. It is added on for this reason: the earth moves round the sun in 365 days, 6 hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds; but as we commonly reckon by giving only 365 days to the year, there would be a clear loss of nearly six hours for every year, unless something was done to bring them within the astronomical calculation. Therefore, in every four years, one day (four times the six hours) is added on to February, giving it 29 days, and thus making the calculation exact.

A. Y. Z., (Athens, Pa.) The young lady acted very properly indeed in getting "mad," as you call it, with you for having been guilty of such an offence as swearing in her presence. Swearing anywhere is bad enough, but in the presence of ladies it is a most unpardonable and gross breach of all rules of good society, and we cannot understand how any lady can tolerate, much less countenance, a vice acknowledged to be so revolting to feminine ears. We wish we could make you see what a foolish, useless habit that of swearing is; there are plenty of other means of imparting emphasis to language without having recourse to such auxiliaries as imprecations and blasphemous oaths.

GERTIE. You are a couple of very foolish lovers, from what we can make out of your letter. Our advice would be to you not to write and ask him the reason of his having been so cool and indifferent; let him go unnoticed until he sees fit to either speak or write to you. So long as you go on showing so much anxiety in regard to his conduct, he will presume upon your too evident preference and behave coldly. But let him once get the idea that he is in danger of losing his hold upon your affections, and he will exert himself to regain the ground he has lost. If he does not, then you had better consider him as a hopeless case, and give him up altogether.

L. L. D., (Bayonne City, N. J.) If you have only, as you say, seen the young lady once, and have no acquaintance with her, never having even spoken to her, and do not know anybody that knows her, how in the world do you know that "she is one of the best girls that ever lived?" We make every allowance for you, in your present infatuated condition, and suppose you are just like all lovers in this respect; but you ought to be a little reasonable in your transports, and not be guilty of such utter nonsense. We hope that you may very soon find some one who will put you out of your misery by introducing you to the young lady, as that is of course the only proper way of becoming acquainted with her that we can advise; and, until such an event happens, you must wait patiently.

MADAME VINE. When a correspondence between a lady and gentleman has been discontinued for some time, as yours has been, the lady should, as a general thing, leave the gentleman to renew it. But, of course, each case must be determined on its own merits. If you think that you were in the wrong originally, and that therefore you should take the initiative in reviving the correspondence, you must exercise your ingenuity in devising some delicate and perfectly ladylike method of doing so. And if you are wanting in tact, ingenuity, and delicacy, it is useless for us to give you any advice that would help you, unless we could first educate you up to the proper point. We might just as well attempt, for instance, to give advice on how to extract the cube root of a number to a person who knows nothing about the principles and rules of arithmetic, without first teaching him how to perform its operations by those rules.

DORIS CARLTON. Of course we do not pretend to be able to tell you whether or not you really have what you fear you have—heart disease; but we can tell you for your consolation that fifty per cent of the cases that come under medical notice are only functional or sympathetic. Irregularity of the pulse, palpitation of the heart, and pain in the chest, all the symptoms of which you complain, do not necessarily prove that there is disease of the heart itself. The cause may arise from the habits of living—the use of constipating food, sedentary employment, and want of exercise, all of which tend to clog up the liver, shatter the nerves, and contract the chest. These conditions operate directly upon the heart and blood vessels, by rendering the circulation laborious. The heart eventually becomes so morbidly irritable that the most trifling exciting cause deranges the circulation, with an irregular pulse. If this excitement is repeated too often, it induces a permanent irregularity of the pulse, and hence persons are apt to imagine that there is organic disease of the heart. The only way is to cure the primary cause, and you will find the so-called "heart disease" will soon disappear.

K. E. C., (Titusville, Pa.) The word Petroleum is derived from two Greek words, signifying "stone" and "oil." Petroleum or naptha, there is every reason to suppose, owed its origin to the action of internal heat upon beds of coal, as they are usually found in connection with such. The term naptha is given to the thinner and purer varieties of rock oil, which are sometimes nearly colorless; the darker and more viscid bear the name of petroleum. 2d. The Great Plague of London happened in 1665. 3d. London, under the names Londinium, Londinum, and Augusta, was one of the chief stations of the Romans in Britain. They encircled a portion of what is now the city proper with a wall, which was rebuilt and extended in later ages. The great fire of 1666, and continual reconstructions in still later times have nearly obliterated all traces of the old wall; but even at the present day some remains of it can still be seen off Ludgate-hill, Tower-hill, and in the church-yard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and St. Alphage. It had seven gates, which are entirely gone.

E. M. K., (Pittsburgh, Pa.) There are several very good reasons which would justify a lady in breaking off an engagement. She may, during the period of courtship, find out in her lover many little traits and faults which would show her very plainly that she would never be happy married to him. Temper, for instance, may be one cause, and a very proper one, too. The lover who gives way to anger may turn out a domestic tyrant, and the woman who on that account hesitates to accept him, we think, acts wisely. Or perhaps she may discover a coldness and growing indifference, and carelessness with regard to her wishes or her feelings, which show a falling off, slight though it may be, still a perceptible one, of his professed attachment. Or, again, she may have learned some facts connected with his character, which put him in a very different light in her eyes than when she accepted his proposal. We merely throw out these hints, as your letter is so vaguely worded that we can but surmise you have some cause to suspect your lover is not all he should be, or what you once thought he was, and you are in doubt what you should do under the circumstances.

F. E. H. writes in great distress about her personal appearance. She says she is not decidedly ugly, but she knows she is not beautiful. She loves a young man, but is afraid that he does not love her in return, and thinks that it is owing to her want of good looks that she has failed in winning his heart. She makes a great mistake if she is of the belief that men are taken only by personal appearance, and that plain women cannot be loved just as passionately and deeply as those who are good looking. Men of sense and the world do not fall down at the feet of mere outward beauty. Their love is gained more by feminine sweetness, grace, and tenderness. The women who please are not always the handsome women, nor even the rich women, nor those who dress well, or who are learned. All these may be disagreeable and unattractive, in spite of their beauty, wealth, learning, and fine dress. The women who do please the most, and who are the most attractive and the most sought after by sensible men, are those who have the rare and precious charm of naturalness, who never talk for effect, but are always simple, natural, and unaffected. Let our fair correspondent dismiss all such foolish ideas from her mind, and if she will but be natural, and her own plain and unaffected self, we are confident her lover, if he is worth winning, will value her more for these simple and sterling virtues than were she the loveliest and most fascinating of her sex.

ANXIOUS. This young gentleman tells us that he has been paying attention to a certain young lady for several months. "She appears to think a good deal of me," he writes, "and so do her folks. But one thing annoys me excessively, and that is this: she has a great many young gentleman friends, and they are in the habit of going to see her so frequently that I can hardly ever go there without meeting some one or other of them. Now, this takes away a good deal of my enjoyment of her company, and it seems to me that they ought to have the good sense to take their leave and give me a chance to enjoy her society alone; and also that the young lady ought to manage things so as to give me a preference over them. Don't you think that the way in which I am treated is a sufficient reason for me to break off my acquaintance with her?" About the coolest letter we have received for a very long time! It seems to us that he presumes a good deal upon his acquaintance with the young lady. It does not appear that he is engaged to her, or that he has even given her to understand that he wishes her to regard him in the light of a lover. If he is anxious that she should give him a preference over all her other gentleman friends, there is a very simple way of doing this, and that is to bind himself by a marriage engagement to give her a preference over all his lady friends. Until he does this, he has not the faintest shadow of a right to attempt to control her conduct in any way whatever.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.


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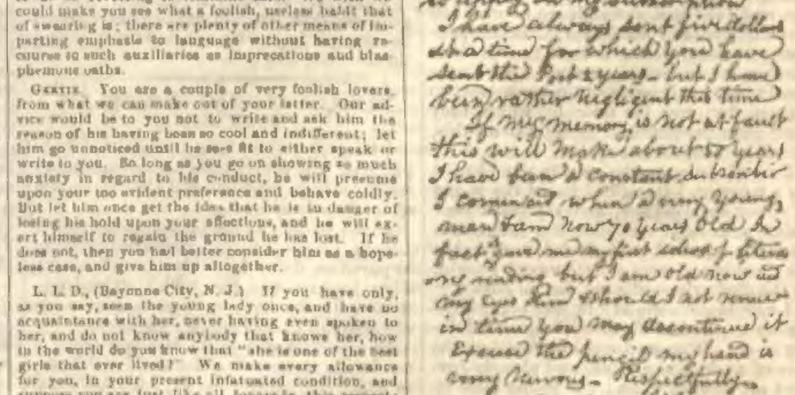

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